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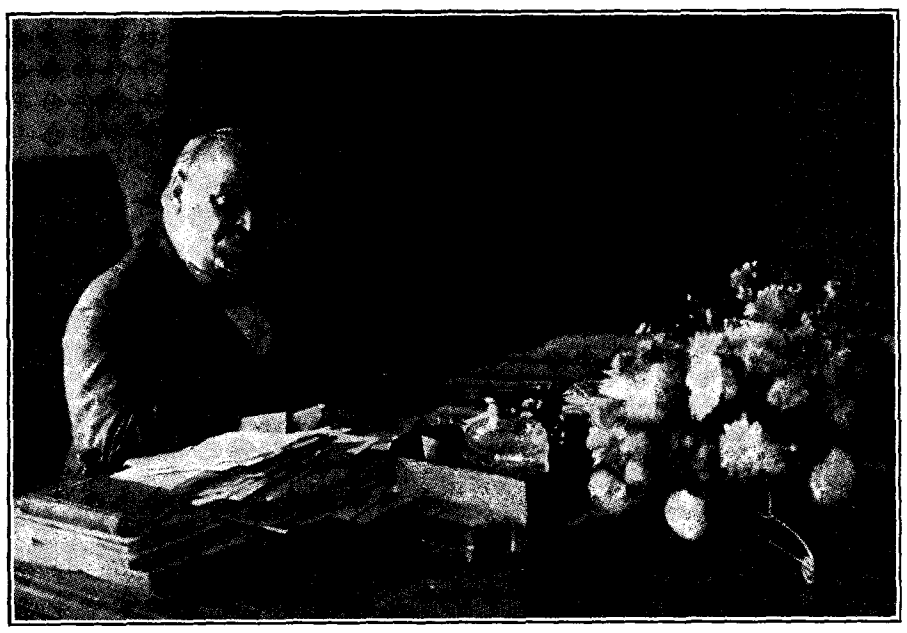

GROVER CLEVELAND AT THE PRESIDENTIAL DESK.

Too Much of the Truth

READERS still middle-aged can remember the great age of illustration in the eighties and nineties and earliest 1900's, and will be interested to know that at least one English critic believes that the most typical, and sometimes the best, examples of Victorian art may be found in the pages of old magazines. In America, then, Howard Pyle was in his prime, and those who visited his classes in Wilmington will remember how his pupils' drawings or paintings, were placed on the easel while the master called for criticism. "Does it tell a story?" His own pictures invariably told a story, and in our day, when contempt for the merely narrative or descriptive in painting has reached an emphasis perhaps overemphasized, it is well to remember that the great illustrations of that period were sometimes good pictures by any test, and always fulfilled their function as illustration to the delight of those who saw them.

Was it the new philosophy of art that drove illustrations which were, in their own way, art, from the pages of popular magazines, to be succeeded by photographic effects the appeal of which is clearly to less esthetic readers, and which did away entirely with the practice of illustrating fiction? A doubt may be permitted. For it is clear that the most successful good fiction of the twenties and early thirties illustrates itself. That descriptive realism which came in with Wells and Bennett in England and Lewis in the United States secured its admittedly powerful effect by what a recent critic has described as the massing of detail, a method which Dreiser, with less art, carried to its maximum. More closely considered, it is quite evident that the cogent details which depict in a cinema of words a day of Babbitt, or the environment of Ann Veronica, or the trivialities of a hotel clerk's life as he skirts, and hangs back from, tragedy, were used to tell a story by these writers very much as Howard Pyle's lines and shades were contrived to give reality to a dramatic moment. In the novels, the illustrations were absorbed in the text, and what they lost in direct appeal they gained in elaboration and multiplication. Recent books, originating in Germany, where a long story is told entirely by pictures, represent the last effort of the illustrator to win back his lost province.

This is no argument for the return of illustration to fiction and to poetry, where, even when it was good, it was often an irrelevance or an impertinence, as so often now in the illustrated popular magazines, where only the worst stories, the worst poems, seem to be adequately illustrated. But the change does raise one of those interesting questions which those who regard literature as a stream must always ask of the entrepeneurs who would dam it at its last profitable moment. For has not self-illustrated fiction been overdone, and are we not getting weary of the infinite detail of a realism that insists upon dragging in everything in sight as a means of telling a story, or writing a poem? The answer is obvious with Dreiser's monumental transcripts of our journalism, and may yet become obvious with Lewis's much more skilful work, which undoubtedly represented, at its best, the best that we could do in this way, and perhaps any way in fiction. But is not the most sweeping criticism to be made against the newer American writers—the

(*Continued on page* 186)

Transient

By DON MARQUIS

GIVE up the dream that Love may trick the fates
To live again somewhere beyond the gleam
Of dying stars, or shatter the strong gates
Some god has builded high: give up the dream.
Flame were not flame unless it met the dark—
The beauty of our doomed, bewildered loves
Dwells in the transience of the moving spark
Which pricks oblivion's blackness as it moves;
A few more heartbeats and our hearts shall lie
Dusty and done with raptures and with rhyme:
Let us not babble of eternity
Who stand upon this little ledge of time!
Even old godheads sink in space and drown,
Their arks like foundered galleons sucked down.

*A Man of Courage**

By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

FEW men, probably less than ten, have ever occupied the White House, whose life stories were so picturesque as Grover Cleveland's, whose qualities were so deeply marked, whose figures in history are withal so rugged and forthright, and who so unquestionably are the products of the very years in which they have striven and the times which they have done so much to change. In the memory of men now living Lincoln, Cleveland, Roosevelt, and Wilson stand head and shoulders above their contemporaries in the presidency by reason of certain high qualities that made them giants in their day. Cleveland's quality surely was courage. Because Mr. Nevins appreciated the dominance of that quality, because he has been able to dramatize it in this story of his hero and at the same time keep his admiration for his hero's courage under decent restraint, always balancing that courage against Cleveland's obvious faults and shortcomings, he has made a figure that stands up and walks.

Indeed, he has set a rather difficult pace in this biography of Grover Cleveland for his associates who are to follow in a series of biographies of other Americans from the time of Andrew Johnson to the time of Herbert Hoover. This is the fourth book of a series which calls for sixteen full-length biographical portraits, Rutherford Hayes, Carl Schurz, and Thomas B. Reed having preceded the biography of Cleveland.

In this story Mr. Nevins has achieved dignity and poise without sacrificing charm and candor in his narrative. He has had access to the Cleveland letters and many contemporaneous letters. Apparently, the Cleveland family has given every aid in preparing this manuscript yet the volume carries nowhere the odor of an authorized biography. Certainly it is no family biography. Mr. Nevins has made the picture of a man of heroic size, but a man in the rough, a hero by virtue of his stature and not by courtesy of his biographer's praise.

In his narrative this figure of a sturdy, earnest, often prejudiced man with many minor limitations marches gallantly through two decades, the eighties and nineties, when Grover Cleveland dominated American politics. So virile a figure has Mr. Nevins made and so human and so understandable that one wonders what the times would have been without Grover Cleveland. Of course, he was a man of the hour. But without him, what would the hour have been? Grover Cleveland appeared suddenly full panoplied in American politics. Within two years after he was mayor of Buffalo, he was a candidate for the presidency. Woodrow Wilson had a similarly swift promotion. They two, of all the modern American presidents, seem to have been shunted into the White House by forces outside themselves. Wilson had never attended a caucus or a party convention and had served no apprenticeship in practical politics. Cleveland, on the other hand, had worked in the mud of it fifteen years—in the precinct, in the ward, in the county, and on the edges of state politics before he loomed into national fame. But he none the less, made a quick trip from the bottom to the top of the ladder. In the twelve years between 1884 and 1896 during which Cleveland was president eight years and was the unquestioned leader of his party for four years more, his personality, his ideals, gave guidance to the times. He found America dominated by the Republican party, and the party controlled by the veterans of the Civil War in their late thirties and early forties and fifties. Their control was unquestioned. They were sacrosanct. They were professional patriots, temple Pharisees, high priests of the Sanhedrim of American government. Cleveland overthrew the G. A. R. once for all. Of course, he was aided by time and death. From 1884 to 1896 death took its toll of the Grand Army of the Republic under which the veterans were organized to control the Republican party and the American government and years had begun to enfeeble the older leaders. After Cleveland vanquished them, they elected one president after he himself went out —William McKinley—but they did not dominate McKinley's administration. They assumed a proper place in the government of the United States. Their pensions continued but they were going upon the momentum which they acquired during the '70's and early '80's. They passed out of the high places in American politics with William McKinley. They passed out of actual power in the United States because Grover Cleveland, who hired a substitute in the Civil War and stayed at

* GROVER CLEVELAND—A STUDY IN COURAGE. By ALLAN NEVINS. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1932. $5.

This Week

"THE SCIENTIFIC BASIS OF EVOLUTION."
Reviewed by HOMER W. SMITH.

"DARLING OF MISFORTUNE."
Reviewed by J. RANKEN TOWSE.

"SITTING BULL."
Reviewed by MARY AUSTIN.

"I SIT AND LOOK OUT."
Reviewed by RANDALL STEWART.

"THE REVOLT OF THE MASSES."
Reviewed by HENSHAW WARD.

"PETER ASHLEY."
Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS.

"JOSEPHUS."
Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

"THE THREE GENTLEMEN."
Reviewed by H. W. BOYNTON.

"SAVE ME THE WALTZ."
Reviewed by GEOFFREY PARSONS.

"PERSONALITY."
Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS.

ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FOUR WORDS.
By DON MARQUIS.

HUMAN BEING.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

"GOD'S ANGRY MAN."
Reviewed by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT.

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home and minded what he thought was better business than war, stood four-square in the White House, vetoed vicious private pension bills, scorned the demogoguery of the super-patriotism, and snapped his fingers at their vast pretense of divine right to rule the American people.

It was a gorgeous fight—incidentally Grover Cleveland's battles with the veterans occurred over Civil Service, tariff reform, our foreign policy, and the superstitions which gathered around the phrase "the Bloody Shirt." After Grover Cleveland went out of politics, there was no more waving of the Bloody Shirt. He stopped it. The wounds of the Civil War, which Rutherford Hayes began to poultice, really began to heal under Grover Cleveland. Yet he was no "rebel sympathizer"—far from it. He didn't favor the South particularly while he was fighting the evils which the veterans of the North had imposed upon government. Being for the most part Republicans, these veterans were largely high pressure protectionists and upheld the spoils system and sneered at Civil Service. They were jingoes, ultra nationalists, and in every clash upon the battle grounds, where these issues were involved, protection, civil service, and a liberal foreign policy—Cleveland gathered about him public sentiment. He knew how to appeal to the people and curiously his appeal was in deeds. It was not rhetorical. He acted directly, and inspired apparently with such primitive methods that the people understood him and followed him as though he were an incarnate sermon in righteousness. What he said amounted to little; what he did required no explanation.

Mr. Nevins's biography reveals Cleveland fighting these battles and yet it is something more than a romantic story of our American "Jack the Giant Killer"; it is a picture of American politics in the '80's and '90's. One might delete the story by removing Cleveland from the book and one would still have a swiftly moving

[illegible] written, and the pioneer characteristics took on the shape during the '60's and '70's which began to emerge in the civilization that was bursting upon the plains and mountains in the '80's and '90's. The panic of '93, which was strangely like the depression of these days, came as the result of speculation, over-capitalization, and the inflation of farm land prices, and for six years, four of which were in Cleveland's second term, a period of profound deflation, readjustment, and refinancing disturbed America, and one of Cleveland's heroic hours was the stand against the disorders that came out of that financial cataclysm.

The book is carefully documented and the documentation indicates wide and painstaking search. It is a scholar's work and yet there is no lack of swift movement, no sense of erudition for its own sake, no failure to dramatize an event sharply, when the event requires dramatization. But above all, this is not one of those "smarty" books written by men who study their subjects diligently in order to strafe them intelligently. Apparently, Mr. Nevins had no thesis about Grover Cleveland when he started to write. The story of the man has grown out of the material under the author's hands; which is an ideal way to make a biography; and the tale that is told here, if it is finally a hero tale and it is—is well told, convincingly and with charm, intelligently, and never shrinking from unpleasant truth.

Fifty years ago another series of American biographies was launched and for two decades set standards in American biographies. These biographies were short—not over sixty or seventy thousand words. The biographers for the most part, were in the business of setting up plaster saints. They represented too often the prejudices of the times yet they gave the youth of the generation that is now passing into its sixties and seventies, their first vision of the procession of Americans who had made their land as it stood forty years ago. This new series of full-length biographies, of which Mr. Nevins is editor, is candid, often stark in its realism, scholarly, and meticulously documented. It reveals the difference in the scholarship of the two eras—the last quarter of the old century, the first third of the new century. Realism has taken the place of prejudice and romance. Imagine the story of Maria Halpin in any biography fifty years ago! A sense of perspective and above all a feeling of the inevitable relation between a man and his economic environment has come into the biographical method. Mr. Nevins's study of Grover Cleveland and the series which he is editing, some day will stand in strong contrast to those biographies of another day and time, revealing conspicuously the different ways men thought and felt in America as the generations passed.

William Allen White, editor of the Emporia Gazette, *is a close student of American political history, and is himself a biographer, having written lives of Woodrow Wilson and Calvin Coolidge.*

Blind Evolution

THE SCIENTIFIC BASIS OF EVOLUTION. By THOMAS HUNT MORGAN. New York: W. W. Norton & Company. 1932. $3.50. (Scientific Book Club Selection.)

Reviewed by HOMER W. SMITH

A NEW book by Thomas H. Morgan, Professor of Biology in the California Institute of Technology, should command, one thinks, general interest among lay readers because the subject of heredity is socially

THOMAS HUNT MORGAN.

and personally such an important one. When the book includes, in addition to new technical facts concerning the cellular basis of heredity, interesting discussions of natural selection, the inheritance of acquired characters, the "Order of Nature," and a critique of sundry metaphysical interpretations of life and evolution one would think that many people not primarily interested in genetics would be interested in reading it. But it is a fairly safe prediction that no such happy fate will befall it. We are tempted to speculate why.

Had this been a book by Eddington or Jeans the first edition would no doubt have been exhausted within a week of publication. This difference in lay interest toward astrophysics on the one hand and biology on the other does not issue, we venture, from differences in the literary proficiency of the proponents of these respective sciences, nor from any differences in regard to the ultimate significance of the subject matter itself; but rather from an infantile illusion which lurks in the back of most men's heads that by looking through a telescope one can obtain a clearer vision of God, whereas looking down a microscope one can see only molecular aggregates doing an uninspired and uninspiring Brownian dance in protoplasmic jelly. The question whether the stellar universe is expanding or not seems to have greater pertinency relative to the nature of Omnipotence than the question of whether the mutation of genes can or cannot be influenced favorably by environment. Those for whom this may be true should sweeten their astronomy with mysticism while they may; because Morgan and his genes and his not-too-sweet materialism will come into their own one day and the mystics will find themselves on the out-of-fashion side of the philosophical fence.

For this is the significance of the observations and experiments which Morgan and his colleagues are making in genetics: upon the facts which they are slowly discovering must be erected the philosophy of the future, insofar as that philosophy pertains to life and to man, and these facts will not be modifiable by current astrophysical equations.

Morgan is an acknowledged mechanist; by a pardonable juxtaposition I can arrange his own words so that he will define that philosophical position for himself, because he remarks, albeit without self-consciousness, that the mechanists are not trying to explain the universe, but they resent the boundaries set to their progress by metaphysicians.

> They even question the finality of the decisions of the metaphysicians. The boldest spirits amongst the mechanists g[illegible] and claim that in time they h[illegible]ring within reach of their m[illegible] study of the lucubrations, h[illegible]ons, and obsessions of the h[illegible]nd which, masquerading un-d[illegible]llumination of introspective n[illegible]cs and transcendental phil-[illegible] to solve all the riddles

rejected all forms of vitalism, and directs his energies to such aspects of biology as he can see and test by means of his senses and reason.

Braving a recognized danger, we would summarize Morgan's position as follows: mutation furnishes the raw materials for evolution, and mutation occurs without related progression, now in this gene, now in that; successive mutations in any one gene are, although definite, nevertheless random and unrelated. Orthogenesis, or evolution in a sustained direction, is an illusion arising from the relationship between end-stages rather than from any inherent tendency for evolution to occur along definite lines, and it furnishes no evidence of a responsive adaptation or modification of the gene, which Morgan believes does not occur. Mutation is spontaneous, or at least its cause is not known at present, but it may have occurred in the direction of increasing as well as decreasing genetic complexity. In any case, it could have resulted in evolution without natural selection; all that the latter has done has been to reduce the number of new forms which have appeared only to find themselves facing extinction because they lacked survival value. Thus, natural selection is no more than a name denoting the fact that incompetence sometimes leads to extinction, which fact Morgan calls a commonplace.

The Saturday Review Recommends

This Group of Current Books:

TALLEYRAND. By DUFF COOPER. *Harpers.*
A biography of one of the outstanding figures of the Napoleonic period.

THE SECOND COMMON READER. By VIRGINIA WOOLF. *Harcourt, Brace.*
Essays on books and people by one of the most penetrating and stimulating critics of the day.

PETER ASHLEY. By DUBOSE HEYWARD. *Farrar & Rinehart.*
A story of the Charleston of the last weeks before the outbreak of the Civil War.

This Less Recent Book:

THOSE EARNEST VICTORIANS. By ESME WINGFIELD-STRATFORD. *Morrow.*
A revealing portrayal of the Victorian era.

As It Might Be

SO A LEADER CAME. By FREDERICK PALMER. New York: Ray Long & Richard R. Smith. 1932. $2.

TAKING as his text the phrase, "What this country needs is a dictator!" Mr. Palmer proceeds to show what might happen if his own particular type of dictator were to win his way to power.

Connie, as he is known throughout the book, is an unusually able young man who believes that our present form of government no longer fits the necessities of a great modern state. His program, as he outlines it at the big popular rally where he makes his first definite bid for support, includes the following: Revision of the Consitution to meet the needs of our time: the President to be, not the Chief Executive, but the non-partisan head of the state, "doing the honors" somewhat after the fashion of the English king, calling Congress together in times of national crisis, summoning the leader of the Opposition to form a new government when the old one no longer holds the public's confidence; no more divided authority between the executive branches of the Government and Congress; the leader of the party in power in Congress to be the executive head of the Government: each Cabinet officer to sit in Congress, and be ready always to answer questions and expedite business.

Under this system, Connie thought, there would be an end of complaints of the dearth of political leadership. Congress would open a career for real and serious talent. Party discipline would be enforced in the most appealing terms of self-interest combined with national interest. Either vote for this bill or you are out of office on this major policy. No chance to wait for public memory to forget by the time of a regular election. You would have to go before your constituents in six weeks while public memory was still fresh.

The old party wheel-horses bellowed

[illegible] into the White House without firing a shot. He was Premier for long enough to establish the improved new order, and then he tactfully retired while the Liberal leaders chose a new Premier and President.

If Mr. Palmer's characters are somewhat sketchy as human beings, they serve sufficiently as mouthpieces for his criticism of our present political "set-up" and for a program of change which is at least interesting in a time of so many changing values as this.

Too Much of the Truth

(*Continued from page* 185)

Hemingways, the Faulkners, the Wolfes, as well as against a spawn of lesser describers of cocktail parties, life on the farm or in the factory, or minutiae in the stream of consciousness—that they are cumbered and entangled by the illustrative method which they have inherited from the '20's? Hence Hemingway's tiresome repetition—at first provocative, but now beginning to reveal itself as a new way of hammering in detail which would no longer stay in the imagination when tacked in by Dreiser's methods. Hence Faulkner's occasional submergence in a dusty cloud of notes on Mississippi, or his use of repeated epithet. Hence, in a different field, the verbosities of description from which one picks out the occasional exquisite or powerful lines of Hart Crane.

Realism requires no such snowstorms of detail as bury us in much of our modern narrative. Realism admittedly does not lend itself to pictorial illustration, and while our taste remains realistic we need not expect a renewal of the golden age of pictures that told the story at least as well as the words of the story they illustrated. But it is time for the word users to find some better way of telling a story, or writing a poem, than by giving us all of the truth in tiresome addition to the truth itself.

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The Last Tragedian of His Era

DARLING OF MISFORTUNE, EDWIN BOOTH, 1833-1893. By RICHARD LOCKRIDGE. New York: The Century Company. 1932. $3.50

Reviewed by J. RANKEN TOWSE

THIS is, in many ways, an admirable piece of work and the author, Richard Lockridge, has chosen an apposite title for it. The life of Edwin Booth was a succession of misfortunes, which might have crushed a more imaginative and less resolute man, which doubtless did increase the natural tendency to reserve and brooding in his character, and which also helped to win for him a public sympathy, which in time warmed into something closely approaching to adoration The result, of course, was due largely to his brilliant, if not transcendent, abilities as an actor. He was the last, though not the greatest, tragedian of

Courtesy of the Old Print Shop
EDWIN BOOTH.

his era. His life is retold charmingly in this book, with an amount of detail industriously collated from all manner of printed sources, with a wise avoidance of critical comment, and undeniable skill in narration. The work, indeed, is a concise and capable summary of almost everything that has been written heretofore on the subject and therefore ought to be especially welcome to the younger generations, to whom Edwin Booth can be little more than a name. But it can scarcely be necessary now to do more than refer to the disastrous influences that brought tragedy into his private as well as his professional life. His father was an actor of the old "legitimate" school, certainly of rare powers and ability—perhaps of genius—and a drunkard. In his adolescent years Edwin was the older man's pupil and guardian. It was a harsh experience. Then followed a period of road work, arduous and infinitely varied, in which he learned the essentials of his profession. He won success, fell in love, and was married to Mary Devlin, whom he worshipped. She died and left him desolate. His brother, Wilkes Booth, assassinated Lincoln.

Public indignation, and his own horror, at the crime, forced him into retirement and his career seemed to be ended at its opening. But in time, he reappeared upon the stage and secured a memorable triumph at the Winter Garden in New York. The theatre was burned, with most of his belongings. He, knowing nothing of business or finance, built a magnificent theatre in New York, on Twenty-third Street, which, largely through mismanagement, left him bankrupt and overwhelmed with debt. His popularity, however, had increased enormously and he made vast sums of money. Then he married again, Mary McVicker, daughter of the Chicago manager, a match which proved most unhappy. Next he was severely injured in a carriage accident, which incapacitated him from acting for months. In London he acted with Irving at the Lyceum, exchanging the parts of Othello and Iago, with considerable success. In Germany he was received with enthusiasm. In the United States he was the generally acknowledged head of the American stage, when he died in The Players Club—which he had founded and endowed—rich, respected, and, as he had lived, somewhat apart, although he did not lack a circle of cherished friends in and out of his profession.

Of his qualities and capacity as an actor this biography—accurate, full, and highly interesting, as in other respects it is—says nothing, save in occasional quotation from contemporary records, and for obvious reason. The author of it is not old enough to have seen his subject before the footlights. And it may be as well to say at once that he has written from a somewhat ultra-modern point of view. He seems to have an imperfect comprehension of what the "old school" of acting actually was, its objects, and its matter. There has not been much in the theatre, during the last forty or fifty years, to give an idea of either one or the other. The "legitimate," or classic school was not closely identified with "ham" or "rant," as he appears to intimate—even if, with inferior players, it was occasionally productive of both—but with the presentation of literary masterpieces, tragic or comic, of different centuries and countries, by properly trained actors, who perished with the disappearance of the old stock company system and the introduction of the modern commercial manager. It was not a rival of the modern social contemporary drama or necessarily superior, but complementary to it, dealing in appropriate language, with loftier or baser emotions, and more violent, or imaginative, situations than those common in the life of everyday. These emotions and situations demanded, for their proper realistic and convincing expression, oratorical and physical action, unnecessary in the contemporary drama, and only practicable to players of special abilities or special training. The principal characters in the classic drama were of larger dimensions than those of the ordinary social realistic play, were real if not actual, idealized in literary and poetic fashion and endowed with glittering effects of eloquence, imagination, and passion. They were on a higher or lower plane than the mass of common humanity, but none the less were essentially human. For instance, the *Othello* of Salvini— perhaps the greatest actor of all times—in its amazing combination of dignity, tenderness, savagery, and pathos, was human, incontrovertably, as was its antithesis, his crushed and agonized Conrad in "La Morte Civile."

The plain fact is that the older tragic, poetic, and romantic drama require technical and physical excellences with which the modern untrained actor is unsupplied. He can neither speak nor act it. Mr. Lockridge holds that Edwin Booth (whom the writer saw in all his best known parts) is entitled to the credit of modifying the extravagances of the "old school," and forming, as it were, a connecting link between the old and the new. This is not correct. The Shakespearean drama and the older comedies (practically) disappeared from the stage at his withdrawal simply because there were no actors left capable of performing it. The "rot" had set in long before he left the stage. For the last twenty years of his career his supporting companies, except for two or three veterans, were often notoriously incompetent, even in his own theatre on Twenty-third Street. He was no manager. It was during his later alliance with Barrett and Modjeska that his representations were fairly satisfactory. This was due to Barrett who was a manager, a scholar, an idealist, and an indefatigable worker. Edwin himself, as was natural, was to all intents and purposes an actor of the school to which his father belonged, the school of the Keans, Macready, and Samuel Phelps, and he adopted largely its traditions and methods. But he had not the robustness, vocal or physical powers, or half-insane fury of his sire, who as *Richard III* is reported as having driven his *Richmond* from the stage into the orchestra seats. He was of slighter and more elegant form, only slightly above middle height, while his face, with its luminous dark eyes and cleanly cut mouth, was singularly handsome, mobile, and expressive. The face of an actor.

And in the early days with his father, and afterwards in his varied experiences on the road—where he played everything from high tragedy to black-face—he had acquired an almost perfect mastery of theatrical technique. He knew every trick of the stage, and had been widely recognized as a coming man, when his brother's assassination of Lincoln drove him into retirement. That shock, doubtless, affected his character, increased his brooding and, possibly, modified his style. At any rate his *Hamlet*—the great success of his famous reappearance at the Winter Garden, in New York—must have been in striking contrast with that of the elephantine and thunderous Forrest. It was some time after that the present writer first saw it. By then it was a wonderfully finished, consistent and interesting, if scarcely inspired performance. It was graceful, refined, melancholy, philosophical, drily humorous and satirical, but it lacked fire at critical moments and real vitality. The soliloquies were beautifully spoken—his elocutionary skill was always a great asset—but in the "Oh, what a rogue," after the scene with the players, the note of true passion was wanting. There was nothing of the lover in his scene with *Ophelia*. He was admirable with *Rosencrantz* and *Guilderstern*, with the grave-diggers, and

Courtesy of the Old Print Shop
BOOTH AS IAGO.

with Horatio, less happy in the burial scene with Laertes and in the closet scene with the *Queen*. In the final act he was spirited and pathetic. As a whole it was a notably fine embodiment, remarkable for its general consistency and artistic polish —the best of its generation. Personally, save for its unfortunate foreign intonation, the writer preferred the impersonation of Charles Fechter, not because of its blond wig—which was doubtless correct, in spite of the ridiculous fuss made over it—but because of its general form and character, its more romantic coloring, and its glow of human passion. And it had a flavor of originality. Booth's Hamlet followed traditional lines more closely, as did that of Forbes Robertson, of which the most striking attributes were dignity and eloquence. He was the last of the "old school" players, being linked with Samuel Phelps, of Sadler's Wells fame. Since his day the only *Hamlet* of note has been that of Walter Hampden, the most human of them all.

The strange thing about Edwin Booth is that, although his renown is associated chiefly with high tragedy, it was in melodramatic or romantic parts that he revealed his greatest powers of tragic expression. His *Othello,* even in its most wrathful moments, seemed pale and colorless beside the weighty and overwhelming Moor of Salvini. He showed none of the emotional power of E. L. Davenport or John McCullough in that character. He conducted the murder of *Desdemona* in the manner of a solemn sacrifice. The deed suggested little of the fury of maddened jealousy. But the impersonation, in its entirety, had salient merits in the technical finish, its consistency, oratorical perfection, and strokes of genuine pathos. The opening address to the Senate was beautifully delivered, but in the later scenes there was more of theatrical dexterity than of fire or inspiration. His Iago, probably his masterpiece, has rarely been equaled, never excelled. It was a triumph of subtle deviltry masked beneath an outward garb of brisk geniality. Only in the soliloquies was the inveterate and reasoned malignity exposed. It was an extraordinarily fine performance, which made the deception of Othello altogether plausible. His *Macbeth,* excellent in the scenes before and up to the murder of the King, and always marked with his invariable theatrical skill and admirable declamation, failed afterward to realize the furious desperation of the hag-ridden usurper. It was most impressive in its moments of pathos—as after the appearance of *Banquo's* ghost—but here his gentleness was scarcely in consonance with the actual situation. His *Richard III* was in strong contrast with that of the powerful John McCullough which followed the lines set by his own father and Edwin Forrest. It had less of sound and fury and more of subtlety and intellectuality. It had the main characteristics of his *Iago,* was a clever, interesting, but not highly impressive performance, of which the outstanding feature was the hypocrisy. He did not shine particularly in the part and practically abandoned it in his later years. In *Lear*—a character which no less an authority than Charles Lamb declared to be unactable—he was more fortunate. To say that he realized all the emotional vastness of Shakespeare's ideal would be absurd, but he made the old demented King a most memorable figure. In the opening act he carried himself with rude authority, and exhibited rising passion with eloquent gesture and his usual declamatory power. And in the delivery of the curse upon *Goneril* he reached a thrilling height of rage, which however savored rather of melodramatic fury than of tragic intensity. But it was exceedingly effective. It was in the mad scenes on the heath, with the *Fool* that he was most successful. He played these with a fascinating blend of mild humor, deep pathos, and flashing satire. And he was admirable in the closing scene over the dead body of his daughter. The representation must be reckoned among his best.

With the incidents of his private life, his friends—among whom were many of eminence in literature, art, and commerce—and his avocations Mr. Lockridge in this book, as has been said already, deals so fully and advisedly that his report demands nothing but commendation. It may be questioned, however, whether it does not insist, somewhat too persistently, upon the undeniable weakness in Booth's character, his inherited tendency to drink. This was doubtless strengthened by the depression caused by the successive misfortunes which befell him. But he was not an habitual drunkard. His outbreaks of intemperance were spasmodical and rare, were followed by periods of dejection, and seldom affected his public performances, except upon one especially regrettable occasion. His domestic troubles, during his second marriage, were of a peculiarly bitter and harassing kind. If Mr. Lockridge was aware of these he deserves credit for the tactful and reticent way in which he refers to them. They were sufficient to madden a man of Edwin's former cruel experiences. It was a marvel that he was able to carry on. But in his closing years of retirement in the club which he had founded, among his professional and other friends, he was at peace, rich, honored, beloved, and happy —a fine ending of a brilliant but checquered career.

J. Ranken Towse, who now, at the age of almost ninety, has returned to live in his native England, was for many years the dramatic critic of the New York Evening Post *and an acknowledged leader in his profession.*

Lady Gwendolen Cecil is still engaged on her Life of her father, the Marquess of Salisbury, the great Victorian statesman. Lady Gwendolen is an aunt of Lord David Cecil, author of "The Stricken Deer," the biography of Cowper which won the Hawthornden Prize in 1930.

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A Maker of the Nation

SITTING BULL. By STANLEY VESTAL. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1932. $3.50.

Reviewed by MARY AUSTIN

MR. VESTAL begins by telling how one afternoon as he sat in the lodge with One Bull checking over one item after another, the old man turned to him saying in his native language, "My friend, I do not care to hear the lies that White Men have made about Sitting Bull."

Mr. Vestal himself has spared no pains to avoid them, with a long list of the White and Indian informants who contributed to the story of the distinguished chieftain of the Hunkpapa of the Teton Sioux. The Sioux were a remarkably forthcoming people, warlike, except that the esteemed prize of war was not killing but *"striking coup,"* striking that is, the enemy with the hand or something held in the hand. It was the only acceptable criterion of success. Sitting Bull was a mere boy when he made his first *coup* and won the distinguished "medicine" name of Sitting Bull.

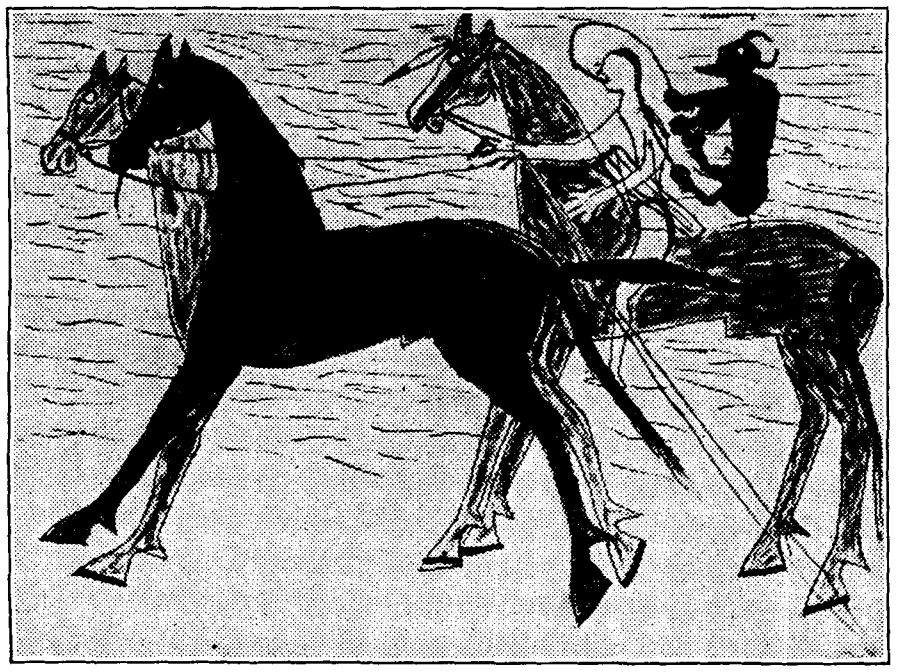
He lived thereafter the full life of the Sioux warrior, with its pageantry and adventure. He was wise in the hunt, learned to understand the speech of birds, and became a notable maker of songs. He was not handsome, but "pleasant to meet," and had "some indefinable power which could not be resisted by his people, or even others who came in contact with him." All of this Mr. Vestal relates with the simple matter of factness of an Indian. It is evidence of the long way we have come to actually understanding the Indian that this can be done.

Sitting Bull grew in consideration of the tribe and became the leader of the Midnight Strongheart band. His first serious trouble came of his taking to his Tipi a second wife, after the Sioux custom. He complained that after that he had to sleep on his back because neither woman would allow him to face the other. For the Sioux were gentlemen; Sitting Bull offended no woman, lied to no man, was generous to the poor, merciful to prisoners, brave, gracious, and kindly.

The career so brilliantly begun went into the shadows with the crowding in of the Whites, with the broken promises, the greedy snatching of land, the stupidity, the insuperable vulgarity that characterizes all our American attempts at policing, complicated by the corruption that in particular characterized our dealing with aboriginal peoples. Mr. Vestal does not spare us any of this, but he is not unduly emotional about it. He pricks the romanticism that gathered about the death of Custer, and at the same time refrains from playing up the scandal that camped along that trail. He notes, but does not overemphasize the jealousy of his own people that obscured the statesmanship of Sitting Bull, and does not make too much of the spectacle of the grave and dignified chief made into a ballyhoo side show, in the trail of Buffalo Bill, but left him with his natural penetration unimpaired.

"The White Man," said Sitting Bull, "knows how to make everything but he does not know how to distribute it." To the missionaries he said "What does it matter how I pray so long as my prayers are answered?" And when the ban on "medicine men" was discussed, he said "The main thing is to cure the patient; any method that works is a good one." Mr. Vestal dissociates the death of Sitting Bull from the appalling stupidity of our handling of the Ghost Dance, although his account of that incident is singularly cool and authentic. Actually, Sitting Bull died of the dissensions and intrigues that grew up between his fellow tribesmen and the Whites, but the author of his biography does not exempt us from responsibility. The great chief was buried in quicklime like a felon, but Mr. Vestal leaves us in no doubt that Sitting Bull was not only a statesman, he was one of the "Makers of the Nation."

The book is well indexed, carries a competent bibliography, and is illustrated by cuts of hieroglyphic autobiography painted upon skins, which, like every self-conscious warrior, Sitting Bull left behind him. A thoroughly commendable piece of work.



AN ILLUSTRATION FROM SITTING BULL'S HIEROGLYPHIC AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

A Service to Whitman

I SIT AND LOOK OUT. EDITORIALS FROM THE BROOKLYN DAILY TIMES. By WALT WHITMAN. Edited by EMORY HOLLOWAY and VERNOLIAN SCHWARZ. New York: Columbia University Press. 1932. $3.50.

Reviewed by RANDALL STEWART

Yale University

IN his admirable study of Whitman (published in 1926 in the new English Men of Letters series), the late John Bailey commented with severity upon various recent collections of Whitman's miscellaneous writings:

> It has certainly been no service to Whitman that, contrary to his own judgment, some of his friends have dug up out of their quiet and decent grave of oblivion a great many pieces of prose and verse which, if read at all, can only lower his reputation or occupy time and attention which would otherwise be given to the "Leaves of Grass."

Doubtless, in the opinion of those who look at the matter from Mr. Bailey's point of view, the present work, "I Sit and Look Out," which consists of editorials contributed by Whitman to the *Brooklyn Daily Times* from 1857 to 1859, deserves to come under this general censure.

But a good deal can be urged in vindication of a collection of this kind. Although these editorials do not, of course, enhance Whitman's literary reputation, they contribute significantly to our knowledge of his character and his poetic development.

Many of the selections are marked by a largeness of view and a courageous application of principles. A few illustrations will suffice. While opposed to slavery, Whitman objects to the abolition movement, asserting that "perhaps there are greater reforms needed here, than in the Southern States." He ridicules the prohibitionists and writes in praise of the German beer gardens in New York and Brooklyn. The editorials often celebrate bodily vigor. Whitman defends pugilism, because "much may be learned from the perfect system of physical training and development practised by their professionals and amateurs." He denounces the arrest of nude swimmers and urges municipal encouragement of swimming. He inveighs against "spleeny, sickly, feeble girls." Whitman the militant democrat appears repeatedly in these pages. He demands, for example, that the street cars be operated on Sunday to afford cheap transportation for the people: "if the five-cent ride in the cars is to be shut off, the ten-dollar pleasure-trip in a coach should also be shut off." It is reassuring to find Whitman espousing effectually in the public press many of the teachings of his poetry. The editorials, in part, were a laudable endeavor to make the Whitmanian culture prevail.

The material in the present volume throws light also on Whitman's poetic development. A single instance may be mentioned here. Two editorials incurred the censure of local religious organizations. One editorial, "A Delicate Subject," which was occasioned by the publication of Sanger's "History of Prostitution," favors the system of license and segregation recommended by Sanger. The other, "Can All Marry?" is an interpretation and defense, remarkable for its psychological insight and lyrical expression, of the point of view of the woman who seeks sexual experience without the sanctions of marriage. Professor Holloway suggests, very plausibly, that the clamor of disapproval incited in orthodox circles in 1859 by these editorials may partially account for the defiant and insistent emphasis with which, despite Emerson's protest, the subject of sex was presented in the 1860 edition of the poems. These two editorial specimens, and other examples which are pointed out in the helpful notes supplied by the editors, illustrate the way in which material from Whitman's journalistic writings may supply important connecting links in his evolution as a poet.

Most students of Whitman, therefore, will not subscribe to Mr. Bailey's pronouncement. On the contrary, they will welcome fresh material, however miscellaneous and nondescript it may appear to be, since, until all of the evidence is made available, our estimate of Whitman, or of any other literary figure, must remain incomplete and tentative. Herein lies the justification of the editors, and of other workers who are similarly engaged.

Mass-Man

THE REVOLT OF THE MASSES. By JOSÉ ORTEGA Y GASSET. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1932. $2.75.

Reviewed by HENSHAW WARD

SEÑOR ORTEGA'S book has all but one of the virtues that this sort of essay ought to have. To begin with the least of them, the author never allows a page to remain abstract, but illuminates his thoughts with illustrations like this:

> The man who discovers a new scientific truth has previously had to smash to atoms almost everything he had learnt, and arrives at the new truth with hands bloodstained from the slaughter of a thousand platitudes.

Another virtue is the entertaining comments that startle a reader and set him thinking.

> The man with the clear head is the man who frees himself from these fantastic "ideas" and looks life in the face, realizes that everything in it is problematic, and feels himself lost. Instinctively, as do the shipwrecked, he will look round for something to which to cling, and that tragic, ruthless glance, absolutely sincere, because it is a question of his salvation, will cause him to bring order into the chaos of his life. These are the only genuine ideas; the ideas of the shipwrecked. All the rest is rhetoric, posturing, farce.

A third virtue is that in the analysis of social conditions the philosophical author holds steadily to the canon of dialectic that no argument is valid unless it is "based on concrete, evident data." He recognizes in every chapter the portentous fact, hidden from most philosophers, that today there is "a disproportion existing between the complexity of present-day problems and the capacity of present-day minds," and that this "constitutes the basic tragedy of civilization." He warns us that even cultured people who discuss the most elementary problems of the day are "like rough farmhands trying with thick, clumsy fingers to pick up a needle lying on a table." His criterion of right reasoning is this:

> It is not the fact of judging rightly or wrongly—truth is not within our reach—but the lack of scruple which makes them omit the elementary requirements for right judgment.

The reader who is somewhat familiar with ordinary modern reasoning about society and religion, who knows how rarely the reasoners understand that "truth is not within their reach," will find his brain singing like an Æolian harp when the wind of those words blows upon it.

Hence the reader feels a special sense of tragedy when he cannot discover that the author has observed the elementary requirements for right judgment. When he reviews the components of the essay, he cannot make them seem real: 1. The mass-man. He is described in these phrases: His soul is shut up within him and obliterated, he is intellectually vulgar, has a deadly hatred of all that is not himself, is not interested in civilization, is a fool, a primitive, a spoilt child, without morality. He is a novelty, for his like did not exist between the fall of Rome and 1900; he is now master of the world; if his mastery continues thirty years, it will send Europe back to barbarism. Most scientists are mass-men, even less than mediocrities. 2. The rebellion. All mass-rulers like Mussolini and Stalin are mere mediocrites. 2. The rebellion. All mass-men obeyed authority until this century, but have now rebelled against it. 3. The minority. These men have incalculably subtle powers capable of preserving civilization; they can carry on pure science; they understand history and can prophesy by *a priori* reasoning, as Hegel, Comte, and Nietzsche did; they can make a philosophy which is the one thing that can save Europe; they are creative and have spiritual power; they can produce such psychology and philosophy as Einstein had to saturate himself with before he could reach his synthesis. 4. The whole world is demoralized. There is no hope for Europe unless its destiny is placed in the hands of the minority, no hope for the world unless it obeys Europe. 5. The world must obey the European minority. It must be ruled by a spirit of eternity, by God's view of man's destiny; the function of commanding and obeying is the decisive one in society; Europe must command by building its nations into one great national state. 6. The mass-man is soon to be routed. "A certain number of Europeans are about to turn energetically against the mass-man's attempt to tyrannize. For the moment it is only a first skirmish, the frontal attack will come later. . . . It must come in such a way that the mass-man cannot take precautions aaginst it."

Who can make this mass-man, this minority, this recent rebellion, and this quickly-coming subjugation conform to any concept of the world that his mind can accept? If any reader can perform the feat, he will consider "The Revolt of the Masses" a wise book. The rest of us must admit that we see no wisdom in it.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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Prelude to War

PETER ASHLEY. By DUBOSE HEYWARD. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

IN a spirit more of nostalgia than of his apparent irony, DuBose Heyward in his new novel, "Peter Ashley," has made a rich picture of Charleston in the dramatic days between the election of the uncouth Lincoln and the riding away of gentlemen soldiers to a gentleman's war. In this book it is not the riding gentlemen with flowers in their belts, nor their watching ladies who come into realty, but the historical Charleston which, refusing to be background, makes by comparison puppets of the conventional aristocrats of the story.

Mr. Heyward, as proud a Charlestonian as any of those he draws, brings, with an artist's appreciation of detail, all of the color and richness of an old city and an old order into his pages. He brings also an understanding of the unwritten code about which all aristocratic Charleston life shaped itself. Even slavery he finds made human and warm by the code of gentlemen and debased only by the cold-blooded greed of traders. Nowhere else has there been written a more vivid description of the Old South's love of the turf and of extravagant display than in his picture of Race Week in Charleston. Few duels in fiction have been drawn with a finer understanding of the attitudes of gentlemen in the dawn than that in which young Peter Ashley plays a gentleman's part and takes a gentleman's wound. The city and its established order of life are caught in their perfection, though Mr. Heyward can see, as his Greek chorus in the hero's uncle sees, that this perfection is an illusion about to be grimly dispelled.

Mr. Heyward catches, too, and draws masterfully, the spirit of the historical moment in the South. The grim, bloody Civil War lay beyond. Here was a South both jubilant and formal which expected confidently to use its cotton monopoly to force the world to its feet, a South which believed its own florid orators who declaimed over and over again that slavery was a beneficent institution and that the order in the South was both perfect and eternal. Mr. Heyward follows this bright South in Charleston from the signing of the Ordinance of Secession through the drama of his involved characters to its end in his stirring and ironical narrative of the firing on Fort Sumter.

As a novel, "Peter Ashley" is not so great a success. There is a definite conflict in the book between Mr. Heyward's story and his history of a fixed period. With fine romantic drama of horse race and duel and lovers united while the hero lies wounded, he brings his novel to its true conclusion long before the day when ladies and gentlemen, sitting comfortably on roof-tops, watched Beauregard fire on Sumter. But Sumter is the climax of his history, and so the book continues long after the climax of the novel is past.

In entirely different time and tradition, Mr. Heyward writes of South Carolina close to the spirit and pattern of those tales of Indiana which Booth Tarkington wrote: a hero who does not conform to the pattern of his neighbors, the drama which arises out of that conflict, and the hero's ultimate and happy conformity. True enough, Mr. Heyward leaves the impression of the dark reality waiting beyond Peter Ashley's acceptance of the Charleston order and the Charleston illusion. Nevertheless, his happy ending lies in the conformity of this sensitive boy, who looked both at slavery and the South with thoughtful eyes, and then turned after romantic adventure to see the world only with the complacent eyes of his own people.

In this book, Mr. Heyward draws no single great character like that of Porgy or Mamba upon which his reputation was built. Peter Ashley's uncle, Pierre Chardon, and the historic Petigru are conventional figures of aristocratic non-conformity. Peter's father and brother, Thomas and Wake Ashley, are familiar hard-riding, simple-minded planters. All the other characters, ladies and gentlemen, are merely the aristocrats of historical Southern romances. Damaris Gordon, whom Peter loves, is so conventionally and so slightly drawn as to be more an air of romantic femininity than a lady of flesh and blood. Only less familiar in his lordly arrogance and wickedness is the villain of this faint, old-fashioned lover's triangle.

Mr. Heyward, of Charleston, has written a beautiful book about the Charleston he loves. His love makes him able to recreate the atmosphere and color of that city at the moment of its supreme pride and supreme loveliness. But his very love betrays him when he attempts to put his own people into drama. He loses the detachment which made so excellent the portraits of those Negroes at the far end of Charleston from his own place in it. Here it is not only writer but Charlestonian, and his gently irony is not enough to save him from a conformity to belief in a past as complete as that in Peter Ashley's heart when he rode off on the prancing Starling eagerly to war.

A Patriot Manqué

JOSEPHUS. By LION FEUCHTWANGER. Translated by WILLA and EDWIN MUIR. New York: The Viking Press. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

APART from the opinions of his editors, translators, defenders, and defamers, we have two records of Josephus: what he told us about himself and what we have found out about him. The two accounts agree on a few main items. He was born in Judæa in 37 A.D. of a father who belonged to the highest priestly order; he was a precocious student; before he was twenty he had been a Pharisee, a Sadducee, and an Essene. He came to Rome in his twenty-sixth year—whether, as he claims, in behalf of some falsely imprisoned priests or whether for more personal reasons, is conjectural—but come to Rome he did. There he made friends with Roman actors and, through them, met Nero, who had his own Thespian ambitions, and the profligate Poppæa. According to his autobiography, he urged his restless and revolutionary people to remain faithful to Rome, but it is undisputed that, willingly or unwillingly, he took part in the rebellion of 66 and was hailed as one of the great Jewish patriots. His changes thereafter became as rapid as a chameleon's. The troops under his command resisted the crack legions, but, after a suspiciously melodramatic episode of slaughter and sacrifice, Josephus and one remaining survivor surrendered. Thereupon, the patriot turned schemer; assuming the role of oracle, he prophesied that his besieger, Vespasian, would become Cæsar. As a reward Josephus was attached to the invading camp. Acting as interpreter and turncoat, he made himself useful throughout the remainder of the campaign. He was present at the fall of Jerusalem and at the triumphal return of the conquerors, probably the only Jew who witnessed it publicly and unharmed. He procured a divorce from his Jewish wife and married an Egyptian of threadbare lineage, became a Roman citizen, received a pension from Vespasian, found favor with Titus, and settled down in Rome to the writing of works which, offered as history, are a mixture of scrupulous statistics, histrionics, first-hand observation, and self-justification. Besides his classic "The Jewish War" and "The Jewish Antiquities" (later clouded with pious interpolations) he wrote a "Life" which is an extended *apologia pro vita sua*, and a heated defence of the Jews ("Against Apion") which reveals him at his most eloquent in controversy with the Egyptian detractor.

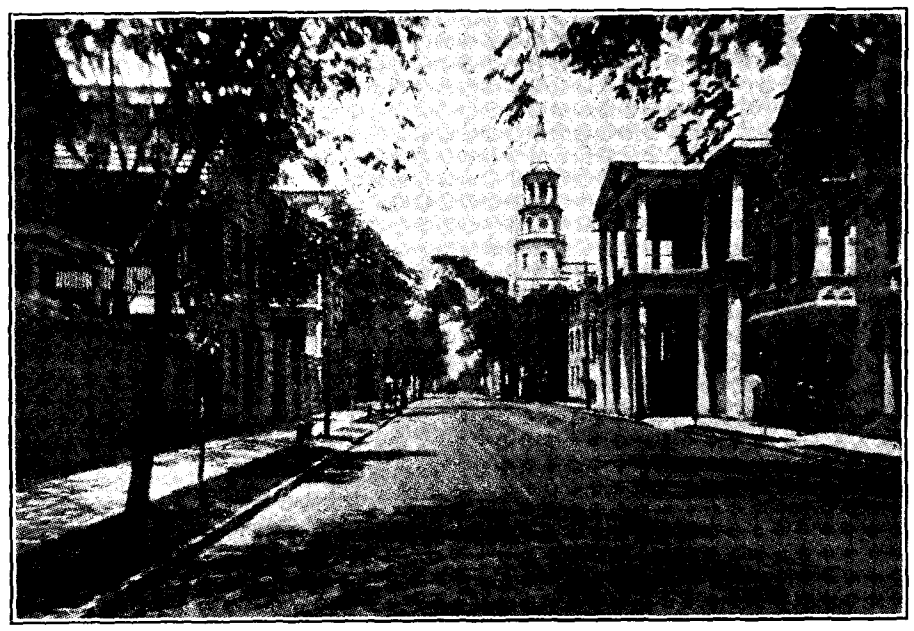
The trustworthiness of Josephus as recorder, his regard for minor cause and major result, his veracity in matters pertaining to his own share in the action, have been questioned through the centuries. Much of his "Antiquities"—for example the account of Moses's early career as conqueror and king of Ethiopia—has no authority except that of poetic imagination. Students have warred about his character no less than about his credibility. Even Traill, his famous translator of the nineteenth century and his most ardent champion, admits he was a demagogue ("to the passions, to the national prejudices, to the sordid motives of the crowd he appealed with confidence and uniform success") and, though he praises Josephus as philosophical man of the world, reveals him as an opportunist disguised as a fatalist.

From this confusion of estimates, of fact and legend, Feuchtwanger has made one of his broadest and most vivid canvases. The ability to unify and intensify a semi-historical passage into an elaborate Delacroix-like pattern seems to be Feuchtwanger's specialty. This gift was brilliantly defined in "Power" ("Jew Süss") and "The Ugly Duchess"; it is proved again in "Josephus." The German scholar-novelist has too much respect for history and too little for the historian to glorify or even to whitewash his central character. Though Josephus is the chief personage, he is not the hero; the heroes are Rome and Judæa. The protagonists are suffering human beings, too real to be speciously romantic: Demetrius Libanus, the tragic clown; the Jewish general Simon Bar Giora, indomitable in defeat; the boyish and brusquely energetic Titus, defeated in nothing but his passion for Berenice; the young scholar Justus, defeated by his own integrity. Justus is the natural opposite of Josephus, rigorously candid where his successful compatriot is canny and cowardly, sacrificial where the other is self-seeking, fearless for himself, genuinely heroic rather than correctly rhetorical. The chief defect of the book is that Justus is allowed to disappear in the midst of the story instead of being, as the author seemed to promise, pitted against Josephus to the end. We would, in fact, weary of Josephus had not his creator fashioned him one of those inconsistent, self-contradictory figures whose vagaries and shifting allegiance are more engrossing than the loyalties of most. With a mixture of admiration and contempt Feuchtwanger shows him as a creature who manages, somehow, to be a violent participator and a dispassionate observer, an author and an agitator, prophet and truckler, ascetic and sensualist, rebel and rake.

But, looming above the human actors and greater than any of them, are the forces Feuchtwanger has reflected, the undercurrents which run through racial feelings and mould national destinies. The book is at its best in the minutiæ dissecting the tangled policies of Rome and the more devious intrigues of the East in which they were snarled. This is actually the major theme of "Josephus," and the intestine warring of the Jews, culminating in the destruction of the Temple, is the counter-theme. Without making the reader aware of the immense amount of documentation which has gone into his work, the author clarifies the confused period of Roman imperialism and Oriental decadence and, without prodding the paradox, illumines the witticism that an anti-Semite is a Jew who has lived exclusively among Jews. The reader is stirred not so much by the emotions of individuals as by the clash of world movements. In accomplishing this, Feuchtwanger has written historical fiction of the first order.

It remains to say that "Josephus" has been chosen by the Literary Guild of America and that Feuchtwanger is unusually fortunate in his translators. The English version by Willa and Edwin Muir, themselves authors of distinction, is, in common with their other work, clean and smooth-running to the smallest detail.

Louis Untermeyer, poet, anthologist, and critic, is the author also of a novel entitled "Moses."



LOOKING NORTH ON MEETING STREET, CHARLESTON.

Family Circle

PENINSULA PLACE. By DENIS MACKAIL. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by MARION C. DODD

TO write a fairly long book upon the small family doings and conversations and all the familiar homely contacts of the Fosters during just one week,—with no plot, no climax, no exciting events— would seem an impossible task to achieve with any success and vitality. But Mr. Mackail has written such a book and throughout he has sustained the atmosphere of good humor, affection, and understanding which he seems to have a special gift of imagining and transcribing. Ian and Felicity Foster, now ten years married since his earlier novel about them, are still lovers and companions, and are buoyantly meeting that period of life when a pair of young children (expertly drawn in this story) hold a foremost place on the family stage,—but not, in this case, the only place.

The tone of Mr. Mackail's book is merry and the materials are apparently slight, but the reader will not be deceived into a failure to realize that underneath lies a remarkable power of observation and understanding, both of the continuity of life and of all those small nothings of talk and action that go to make it up. Each member of this little circle—the small family, its grandparents, its servants, and its in-laws—is a real human being, whose foibles we enjoy and whose thoughts we understand as we close the book.

Professor Paul Lamm's edition of the original Houscorgsky manuscripts of the "Songs and Dances of Death" will be sung in its entirety by Stefan Kozekevich, baritone, at his recital at The New School of Social Research, 66 West 12th St., on Sunday evening, October 23rd. In all probability this will be the first time that the original version of the cycle will be publicly sung in New York.

An exhibition entitled "Three Centuries of Fine Printing by the Clarendon Press, Oxford," is to be opened on October 20th, in Room 112, New York Public Library. Included in this exhibition will be many rare books, showing the early development of the Press, early and rare Bibles, early almanacs and copper plates, etc.

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Where is thy Victory?

THE THREE GENTLEMEN. By A. E. W. MASON. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by H. W. BOYNTON

IF the tale of lovers reincarnate is no new thing, it has seldom been told with better effect than here. A. E. W. Mason is an old hand; his first romance appeared nearly forty years ago. But what young hand nowadays has a fresher or more vigorous touch for this kind of writing? The oldster believes in fairies, his fancy is truly at home among the old loyalties and aspirations, and this gives him advantage over later story-tellers who essay romance with fingers crossed and tongue in cheek. The three heroes of this story, who are one, bear witness to one man's faith in gentlemanhood, courage, loyalty, courtesy, devotion.

The first gentleman is Attilius Scaurus, a young elegant of Hadrian's Rome. At seventeen he has reached a turning point. Having gone the pace among the pretty ladies and the vendors of luxury and the moneylenders, he bids fair to become a professional fop and parasite, when a wise old uncle contrives to have him sent to Britain as Tribune to a fighting Legion. There he discovers his backbone and his soul. His foppish ways are discarded, he learns to like work. At every crossroad he chooses the hard and honorable path by the standards of a gentleman and a servant of the Empire. In Britain he finds love, and death, and the triumphant assurance that love and service are greater than death.

Centuries pass and we meet a second gentleman in the England of Elizabeth: Anthony Scarr, a youth of means and breeding who longs to board ship with the great Captain Drake, for glory and England. But England has other plans for him. The Queen wishes to make a court favorite of him. Walsingham would dedicate him to almost certain death for England's sake. Meanwhile he has recognized his mate, and sees before him a possible path of glorious achievement of which she may be the prize. Walsingham wins at last, and Anthony Scarr abandons the pursuit of glory and the hope of happy love for the devious road and shameful death of a spy. Yet he goes down undefeated, a nameless sacrifice to England, sure that his love will win fulfilment in some other world of being. Such is the faith of his beloved, the dark slender maiden whom he is fated to woo through the ages, call her Sergia of Rome, or Sylvia of York, or Sonia of modern London.

Sonia is stepdaughter of an English Cabinet Minister who happens to be also a villain of parts, a personage of immense ability and aplomb and no morals whatever. To him, at the height of his political power, comes a rich English lad, Adrian Shard, whose father has bequeathed to him certain ideals of fidelity and service. He means to live for England, and now seeks a secretaryship under Spencer Cratton as a first step toward the political career. Cratton finds him useful, he meets the girl Sonia, and recognizes her as his love. She responds warmly, and Adrian loses no time in approaching her parents. But they have other plans for her, plans which turn on Cratton's impending bankruptcy and the desires of a man of money who holds him in his hands. Cratton nearly compasses Adrian's ruin. The old drama, it seems, is on its way to the old curtain, with yet another parting for the doomed lovers. But now the wheel has come full circle, the time is ripe for earthly fulfilment of their love. How the happy ending comes about shall not be told here; but it is right that the hopeful reader be assured of it in advance. He has been fooled often enough.

"The outstanding première of the present theatrical season in Moscow," says the London *Observer*, "was Maxim Gorky's 'Egor Bulichev and Others,' which was presented at the Vakhtangov Theatre as part of the elaborate organized celebration of the fortieth anniversary of the beginning of Gorky's literary work. In this new play, the first part of a projected trilogy, Gorky depicts a Russian provincial family on the eve of the March Revolution.

. . . There is a lot of more or less melodious damned nonsense permitted to pass as poetry today, simply because many reviewers do not have the courage to say that it is damned nonsense. In their hearts they think that probably it is damned nonsense, but they are not quite sure . . . here it is, published, boosted, and pretentious. They may be wrong, and so they do not write out of their first and honest impression. Thus a cult of the unintelligible in poetry has grown up, and actually flourishes and influences critics and public alike. A small army who resolutely defend the unintelligible—even argue that unintelligibility is, somehow, an esthetic and artistic virtue—has come into existence; and verse that has something definite to say, and says it understandably and trenchantly, is currently unfashionable. Nonsense which is frankly nonsense, can be very delightful; but nonsense which is merely an empty pretence of being something so wonderful that, of course, none but the very finest intellects can appreciate it, is what I am referring to.

Dan Mazurie

Beautiful and Damned

SAVE ME THE WALTZ. By ZELDA FITZGERALD. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by GEOFFREY HELLMAN

THE most noticeable feature about this book is the steady stream of strained metaphor with which Mrs. Fitzgerald manages to make what should be a light novel a study in the intricacies of the English language. No phenomenon is too simple for her to obfuscate with the complexities of figure of speech. Her book rivals the cross-word puzzle page in point of obscurity. And her men and women are almost as badly off. They can never just have their own way about things simply and unostentatiously, but have to go around "splashing their dreams in the dark pool of gratification." And under no circumstances are they allowed to look at anything as *terre-à-terre* as a building or a tree; peering from train windows, they can distinguish only "the pink carnival of Normandy . . . the delicate tracery of Paris . . . the white romance of Avignon."

Once you have dug out these nuggets and put them away in your geology collection, you find you have been reading a book which evokes, quite effectively at times, those booming post-war years when tea-dancing at the Biltmore and champagne cocktails at the Paris Ritz were in the natural order of things not only for the children of the rich but for a large section of *jeunesse* which did not consider itself particularly *dorée;* years when even artists made money. And more specifically, in this book, years when David Knight, a young painter, earned so much that he was able to take his family abroad and drift about expatriate Riviera beaches and Paris nightclubs.

It is with the disintegrating effect of this empty, rootless life on David's Southern-born wife, Alabama, that Mrs. Fitzgerald is chiefly concerned. Less plausible than her theme is her treatment thereof. To point to but one example of its implausibility, the desperation which prompts Alabama to turn to ballet-dancing with a group of dingy, impoverished people in Paris is anything but convincing on the part of a healthy young woman (which she has been shown to be) who has a husband whom she loves and a young daughter she adores. In short, Alabama is a poor vehicle for the neuroticism and dissatisfaction which she is suddenly called upon to exemplify. Typical of the other characters as well, this unconvincing motivation is part of the author's general inability to create full-bodied figures.

"Save Me the Waltz" belongs to that vast company of books of which some individual parts are greater than the whole. Particularly good is the episode of Alabama's parents' visit to the Knight home, where Mrs. Fitzgerald achieves a burlesque effect that is as amusing in itself as it is out of harmony with most of the rest of the book. But even here the inevitable metaphors rear their heads, doing their best to deflect attention from the humor that is this book's chief (if only occasional) redeeming feature.

Advice for Middle-Age

PERSONALITY. By MARJORIE BARSTOW GREENBIE. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1932. $2.25.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

MRS. GREENBIE, having read some of those alluring books that promise charm, magnetism, and success to their lucky purchasers, was annoyed and stimulated into seeing if something of the sort might not be written for civilized people. The result is a book that is a continuous pleasure in the reading, even though you may often disagree with it. Morover, it ought to do most of us some good, especially if we are in middle life. It was apparently no special intention of the author's to be an apostle to the middle-aged, though she truly observes that their misadventures are far worse than the alleged excesses of youth, for the same reason that the sinking of a passenger steamer is a more serious matter than the capsizing of a one-man canoe. But youth does not need some of her advice, and is unlikely to take some of the rest of it; whereas if elders take it they may find that middle age will last longer and be more comfortable.

The essence of "personality," Mrs. Greenbie observes, appears to be a "surplus of vitality." But this does not cut off all hope from those of us whose vitality is only average, for we might all develop what we have and make more of ourselves than we do, even if we cannot aspire to become Michelangelos or Cleopatras. Mrs. Greenbie has a proper respect for the endocrinologists and perhaps too much respect for the Freudians; but because they have written so much about the innate elements of personality, she chooses to deal chiefly with its social aspects—with personality as "a form of cultural striving," with the attempt to shape individuals by social ideals.

The chief thing seems to be a focusing of whatever energy you possess; without that superior persons are likely to wreck themselves, and the average individual never emerges from the ruck. If apparently ordinary men like Washington and Lincoln have flowered into sudden greatness they may be the fruit of long generations of social development; for without discipline and regimentation neither the individual nor society can accomplish the all-important focussing. Almost any social direction is better than none, for however crude it may be at first, men will refine it from generation to generation; the much-abused materialism of our time, Mrs. Greenbie thinks, may be its most hopeful aspect; for it is the only direction, the only discipline; and raw as it is, it is at least material which can be gradually improved.

At this point, however, the reader eager to develop his personality may want to know what he must do to be saved. The author's prescription is very simple, and very uncomfortable; first of all, eat less and exercise more. There is more than a touch of faddism in her recurrent emphasis on diet; to suggest, for instance, that the reason great men seldom rise any more from the lower classes is that the poor are no longer "really poor," that they eat more and exercise less than their ancestors, seems an undue simplification. But if Mrs. Greenbie is wrong, let him that hath no waist line cast the first stone at her.

What she has to say about love as an element in personality building is not new, but it is admirably integrated and gives an excellent history of the development of modern ideals of sex relations. Since Dante there had been substantially no new thinking on these matters till the beginning of the twentieth century; men had recognized that sex satisfies a spiritual as well as a biological need, but the fusion of the two ideals had been delayed by the apparent impossibility of checking human fertility. What made men monks was not so much abhorrence of women as a shrinking from the responsibilities of family life, in an age when being a husband and father was a full-time job; the monks tried (and successfully) to save something of personality and intellectual detachment from "the clutching hands of the children." A wife was the sharer of a burden; the spiritual values of sex had to be found in the artificialities of chivalric love, in dalliance with courtesans high or low, or in the sublimations of religion and art.

But we have changed all that. Modern techniques of contraception make it possible to love without intending or dreading the consequences; and discoveries in sexual chemistry have made the aspiration to purely individual values in love as scientifically and morally respectable as it has always been pleasurably agreeable. "The new psychology and philosophy of sex is the last stand of Protestantism in its literal sense—the protest against the Catholic ideal and life—and here, perhaps, at last, is ground on which it can really stand." Which should not mean the destruction of marriage but its glorification; the modern wife and mother is cashing in (or trying to) on all the experimentation of the past; "the modern man attempts to gather together all the separate creatures of men's desires"—housekeeper and childbearer and hetaira and romantic lady—"and to make one woman of them." The new wine may be too much for the old bottle; "the wrecks of this fantastic hope are strewn in all the divorce courts of the land, but by such efforts is our common culture enlarged, and the personality forced to continuous evolution."

Mrs. Greenbie is an optimist. Not all women can share her faith in contemporary contraceptive methods; and when she says that one of the qualities of a leader in public life is "downrightness in condemnation and opposition" she is describing a heavenly ideal, not the sort of leaders that publicity and party machines actually give us. She lives heartily in the present, admires people like Ford and Mussolini who do the same, and thinks poorly of Mencken and Mrs. Gerould and James Truslow Adams, whose reluctant feet are entangled in the past. Also, from her own evidence the inveterate sensualist might argue that the pleasures of the table, if kept within reasonable bounds, have their esthetic values as well as those of the bed. Still, she has written a good book—always good reading and mostly good sense. And if you rise from it to take an unnecessary walk, and eat a little less than you want to at your next meal, that is not likely to hurt you.

"The retirement of Sir Henry Dickens," says the London *Observer*, "will deprive public life of a name that has been a household word for a hundred years, to which he has added the dignity of long and admirable service. Dickens had in all ten children, and the list of the names is interesting in view of the associations:—

Charles Culliford Boz (born 1837).
Mary Macready (born 1839).
Walter Landor (born 1841).
Francis Jeffrey (born 1844).
Alfred Tennyson (born 1845).
Sydney Smith Haldimand (born 1847).
Henry Fielding (born 1849).
Dora Annie (born 1850).
Edward Bulwer Lytton (born 1852).

It would not be easy to find a family circle that embraces so many famous names."

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The BOWLING GREEN

Human Being

XXXIX. IRON RATION

SHAD came to Minnie's apartment—to take up his option, as he expressed it—in good confidence. Whether she made settlement in cash or in kind, he would be satisfied either way. That's the kind of guy I am, he commended himself; generous. Therefore he was correspondingly enraged by her change of front. Her cold assurance was more convincing than any loud anger could have been. With relish she read him passages from a typescript which was evidently a copy of the ancient confession, memory of which still sometimes prickled him, though he believed everyone else had forgotten it. She even made merry over the prose style of the abject document. "And your spelling wasn't any better than your honesty," she said. "Here's a funny word, *embesle*! I wonder what that means?"

To his savage retorts she replied calmly in the familiar phrase: "You can't insult me; I've been insulted by experts."

"So I guess you're out of luck," she concluded. "Better have a drink."

"The dirty hound; he swore he'd never show it to a soul."

"He hasn't. He doesn't know I've seen it. But *I'm* not bound by any promises."

"You can't prosecute for something that happened fifteen years ago. There's a statute of limitations."

"I dare say there's plenty more dirt I can dig up if I need to. If you did that sort of thing once you probably did it again. Would you like me to go asking at Actors' Equity?"

This was a random shaft, but it seemed to sink in.

"If you make the slightest move to bother him in any way, or come near the office, or ever let out a peep about what's happened, I'll make things damned unpleasant for you around Times Square. There won't be a manager will touch you. Maybe Bruce Bealings might have some suggestions."

Minnie saw by his face that he was beaten. But she was aware that her own position was not beyond criticism. She was wise enough not to push too far.

"I tell you what I'll do," she said. "Richard told me once he saw an exhibit at the Museum showing that man, considered just as a package of chemical elements, has a market value of about eighteen dollars. That's probably more than you're worth, because your chemicals are a bit sour. I'll pay you eighteen bucks a week, out of my own coin, until you get a job. Go and hootch yourself to death with it."

Shad was in control of himself by now. He said something that bit deep. "Good friend of his, aren't you? You don't want anybody to ruin him but yourself."

They parted amicably. "Well, I got some of the breaks anyhow," he said. "Give my love to Jenny. She knows my address."

❧ ❧

One thing puzzled Minnie. The night she got the cupboard open and went through the theatre records she noticed another soft package in a corner of the shelf, neatly tied up in brown wrapping. She opened it, thinking it might be more box-office papers. It was apparently a forgotten parcel of laundry: a clean shirt and collars, pyjamas, underwear, a pair of socks. But there was also an open envelope containing five ten-dollar bills and a tooth brush. She wondered about this package. Richard had never mentioned it. Evidently he intended it to stay there, for occasionally, with the skeleton key the locksmith had given her, she opened the cupboard to see. It was always there.

❧ ❧

Shad's intrusion left a bad taste in the Greenwich Village apartment. Also Peggy had suddenly become engaged to one of the young men whose handwriting was approved by the graphologist. She had checked up on him by all the soundest methods. His horoscope was auspicious; his palm had good lines, though rather warm and moist; his dancing was excellently rhythmic; he had a job in a bank which kept him in a cage at least eight hours a day, always desirable in husbands, and sent him out at dusk eager for amusement. Peggy was going to keep her job after marriage, but for a while her mind was full of trousseau. Minnie, the philosophical anti-maritalist, was amused to find herself spending evenings at her sewing machine doing ornamental appliqué, stitching galloons and lace lozenges for Peggy's nuptial filibegs. But she grew impatient of poor Peggy's praises of her swain. Even the office was involved in the excitement. Jenny discovered Peg sitting bare-legged at the typewriter while a pair of new-washed stockings, dangling from the light-cord, danced frolic in the breeze of the electric fan. She was to dine with Padric and hadn't time to get a new pair. Peg's eyes were pure blue as lakes in that sentimental time; they nicknamed her Filly of Soul. "Padric knows some fine speakeasies, but he never takes more than one cocktail," she said approvingly. "And he never drinks until evening; he says bankers mustn't." She described to them the romantic suburban roadhouse where the proposal took place. "You take a key out of your pocket and lay it across the brass numbers of the address on the door. That completes the circuit and makes a bell ring inside. Only people who know that can get in." Minnie remembered this when she moved to an upstairs apartment in an old house on Lexington Avenue and her latchkey sparkled at the lock in cold weather. What a lot of electricity there seems to be in keys.

From the window of her dark little sitting-room she could see the Metropolitan tower; it was good to hear at night the same chimes that sounded through the office by day. It gave a sort of continuity. It was good, too, to be alone. She had much to think about. Outside the office few people knew her number. Ambergris 5922, she had to keep it written on a card to remember it herself. The only telephone that ever called me a Bitch, she said affectionately to the little black instrument. Jenny came up often, and they sat most of the night in humorous candors. Her greatest joy was the rare occasions when Richard could take dinner there. Then she marketed lavishly at the Italian grocery across the street; cooked and served the meal herself with deep thrills of woman's catering instinct. She always had a bottle of wine ready for him. "What a grand girl you are," he said once; "you always put all the grub on the table where one can see it and eat according. The first thing women do when they get high-toned and civilized is to keep the food out of reach."

She loved him fiercely in his boyish moods, which called to some deep needful maternity in her. "As far as you're concerned," she said, "I guess I'm not civilized. There'll always be such a lot of civilized people. Let me be Me, for a little while."

Sometimes he stretched out on the couch, content to listen, while Minnie sat on a cushion on the floor or walked to and fro, smoking and talking. She poured herself out in anecdote, any grotesque thing that had happened since they confided last. What a comedian, when her wild sense of absurdity was roused. Other whiles they sat in peaceable silence, or lay linked in dreamy satisfaction. "It's nice not to have to carry a bagful of telephone books," she whispered. Often they discussed office problems. With the growth of the business they had taken over the whole output of Mr. Gettleman's small factory, and Richard was concerned to make some provisions for his employees. With Miss Mac they worked out a scheme by which dividends over a certain percentage were to revert to the staff. Or Minnie told him about books she had found in the second-hand store down the street: she was becoming quite a collector. When he had to make a speech at a trade convention she put his notes into intelligible form and rehearsed him in it. She kept a pipe and tobacco ready for him in case he wanted a change of smoke. How queerly life gets twisted, Richard sometimes thought as he rang the bell and climbed the old banistered stair, that this should be considered wrong. Those who only knew Miss Hutzler of the office, Miss Hutzler of the cool head, the sharp judgment, the broad and buffoon tongue, would hardly have recognized the Minnie who waited at the open door, mistress of the dim and tender hours. Diana of Madison Square was gone now; he said to her pale body that she was the only Diana left.

"Richard, are you happy?" she asked him suddenly.

It was always difficult to get him to answer questions.

"I have The Pain sometimes," he said.

❧ ❧

She never mentioned the secret search of the locked cupboard, but once, in one of their quiet hours, he spoke unexpectedly of the brown paper parcel. "That's my Iron Ration."

She did not understand the phrase. He explained.

"Isn't that what they called it in the War? Emergency victuals, hard tack and pressed beef or something of the sort, in case a fellow got cut off from his own lines, went down in No Man's Land. When things were very bad I put together just enough stuff to last me overnight, and some money. I thought that if I couldn't stand it any longer I'd just grab that package and pike off somewhere to think."

"Stand what any longer?"

"Oh, the things everybody does stand," he said vaguely. "Things in general. That was before that evening you found me in the office."

"It's queer," he added later, "just having that package there, seeing it every time I hung up my hat knowing I could use it if I needed to, has been a big help.—I guess you have to play some sort of game with yourself not to get lonely."

"You don't look at all lonely this minute," said Minnie. "Why not destroy that horrid little bundle and use *me* for Iron Ration."

We need not suppose that because she spoke lightly she did not understand.

It's a strange thought, Hubbard reflected; perhaps more people than we ever dreamed are relying on some sort of Iron Ration. If we knew what it is, how much more we might understand. Lucille's Iron Ration is Gladys. Mrs. Geschwindt's is the memory of the old Germany of her childhood. Shad's is a long line of Mazda bulbs and an orchestra leader who'll feed him his gags properly. Jenny's is her new necklace of amber beads and an adorable green step-in. Miss Mac's is the Erskine List for next season. Mr. Gall's is his formula for non-corrosive ink. . . .

Sometimes it's the pretense of an escape they don't really desire. The idea o for a few hours) not being owned b one or anything, no matter how . . . and then how gratefully they back where they belong.—They mustn't leave it too late to hurry back, Hubbard exclaimed. I know something about that. I've always been the cat that walks by himself. I know how it feels not to belong anywhere.—I think I'll call up Minnie and see if she'll dine with me.

(*To be continued*)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

READING.
(Photo from "Das Deutsche Lichtbild, 1932".)

Pegasus and Rosinante

A HALF-DAY'S RIDE, or ESTATES IN CORSICA. By PADRAIC COLUM. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1932. $2.

ALWAYS among the shrill or market-worn voices a few quiet ones utter their reflective commentary upon the human scene. The barkers and the sky-signs deal not with these, the mob hears them not; but they bear refreshment for lovers of urbanity and the spared hand. Padraic Colum, with his rich background and varied talent, finds his account here among certain byways of experience, in pursuit of what W. H. Hudson fondly called "Little Things." Most of the present papers have appeared in various weeklies, including the *Saturday Review of Literature*. Their themes range from waxworks to "Moby Dick," their scenes from Paris to Hawaii. But you always hear the same kindly voice, mellowed by time, resonant with vibrations from the world's old cultures; more felt than heard, an influence benign and healing.

The title, we are to suppose, was suggested by the random memory of a little-read novel, Charles Lever's "A Day's Ride: A Life's Romance." There are odd and out-of-the-way places in the volume, quaint, uncommon glimpses of men and books. A beauty contest in Paris, a hidden corner in Polynesia, an Indian encampment in the Everglades: these are adventures in strange places. But most of the sketches have to do with things and places that are common enough: a marriage in a New York registry office, a train journey from Chicago to Hollywood ("Travel Film" is the title), the Colonial Exhibition in Paris. It is the poet's eye that contrives the adventure.

The bookish excursions here offered are of equal charm, whether they carry us to Hans Andersen or Plautus, Catullus or Burns or Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. Perhaps it is idle to commend writing like this. Lovers of the familiar essay cannot be kept away from it; and it is for them alone.

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383 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK

From Religion to Politics

History of Christianity

HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN PEOPLE. By HENRY K. ROWE. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1931. $4.

Reviewed by EPHRAIM EMERTON

IT is a good deal to say for any book that its author has done just what he undertook to do and has done it well. Professor Rowe has undertaken to summarize in one volume the history of Christianity during its two thousand years of existence, and he has done it as well as his method would permit. Summarizing is a desperate attempt at best. It may be done in one of two ways: either by calling attention to the highlights and leaving all the rest in shadow, or by throwing an even illumination over the whole mass of detail.

The latter is the method chosen by Dr. Rowe. He has tried to tell something about everything, with the inevitable result that he has not had space to say much about anything. The whole vast field is divided into chapters and subdivided by headings, and then each heading is given such space as the general scheme allows. The division is primarily chronological with topical excursions now and then as the narrative suggests.

The narrative itself moves along with an even flow, in short, generally well-built sentences, without emphatic passages, and with very little suggestion of the author's individual attitude toward the burning controversies which form so large a part of the internal history. The effect of this rather monotonous recital is to dull the reader's apprehension and weaken his grasp upon the essentials. One is almost tempted to characterize the book as a somewhat expanded table of contents.

The author frankly describes it as a textbook, meaning this in the conventional sense — a book for the student to have in hand and to use as his main storehouse of material. It is the function of the teacher to show how these meagre indications may be extended into more significant detail. There is a notable absence of selections from contemporary documents, explicable doubtless as causing unnecessary breaks in the narrative; but one wonders whether the book would not have gained in effectiveness if, in place of bald descriptions, it had given some of the thrilling lines of Hildebrand's denunciations or Boniface VIII's world-shaking decrees, or Luther's fundamental Theses, or Wycliffe's defiance of papal *dominium.*

But now, accepting the scheme of the book, we come to the real question: does it carry out its author's purpose well? We think there is much to be said in its favor. That any one man could have mastered the whole body of original material underlying the narrative is, of course, not to be expected. To do that he would have to be at once a classicist, a medievalist, and a modernist, an unattainable height and depth of scholarship. It is enough to say that Dr. Rowe shows at every step such familiarity with the best results of modern investigation as to inspire confidence in his guidance into more detailed and more advanced study.

The point of view, so far as he allows it to appear, is uniformly sound and tolerant. It would be impossible to guess what his denominational affiliations are. Roman Catholics and Protestant liberals are treated with equally fair consideration as members of that Christian people whose unbroken record of spiritual achievement is the topic of the book. If one must have a word for this attitude of mind we can only describe it as the "historical."

Indeed we are prepared for this way of approach by the excellent pre-view given in the Introduction. Here at the outset the figure of the (so-called) Founder is presented as an historical phenomenon. Jesus of Nazareth appears as a highly gifted youth, one in the line of spiritual prophets who from earliest times had pointed out to the Hebrew people the way of righteousness. Like many of his predecessors he was rejected by his own and ended his life in apparent failure and disgrace. Not until his work was taken up again by men of wider contacts with the Gentile world was it possible to begin the formation of a Christian people. It was Paul and men like him who brought about that reconciliation of Hebrew legalistic monotheism and Greek philosophic subtlety which was the basis at once of Christian theology and of Christian morality.

Dr. Rowe makes no formal statement of belief or disbelief in the miraculous or in supernatural intervention, but the student who follows his guidance can hardly escape the wholesome conviction that these are matters for the speculative theologian, not for the scientific historian. We are reminded of the comment of a superannuated clergyman upon a lecture on church history: "This may be sound learning, but it leaves me cold," and the reply of the lecturer: "A cool head is an excellent equipment for the study of history."

The author's purpose that his book shall be taken, not as a compendium of all knowledge, but as a guide to further study is well carried out in the ample lists of books in English and in the sets of questions at the close of each chapter to be used in examinations or in the writing of essays. There is an adequate index, and a critical search shows a gratifying freedom from typographical errors.

Ephraim Emerton is professor emeritus of ecclesiastical history of Harvard University.

A New Life of Mrs. Eddy

MARY BAKER, THE TRUTH AND THE TRADITION. By ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES and JOHN V. DITTEMORE. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1932. $4.

Reviewed by WOODBRIDGE RILEY

THIS is a double-barreled book. Dittemore, the ex-director of publicity for the Christian Science Church, supplies the new material, Bates, the scholar, the irony. This dual authorship is devastating. It pricks the bubble of the legendary Mrs. Eddy and shows from thousands of letters written by her and her followers and from other unpublished church sources, that the official Christian Science records are unreliable.

This work is well documented, yet often uncritical. It seldom questions the alleged cures of the founder, and with the exception of Quimby, who many think really founded Christian Science, it dismisses research into the remoter sources of that system. Another fault is the sudden introduction of new characters on the assumption that the reader is already familiar with such books as the suppressed biography of Milmine and the unsuppressed of Dakin.

The irony in this book appears on the very first page. The official life by Sibyl Wilbur is shown to be based too much on Mrs. Eddy's "more radiant memories" of later years. Thus the house in which she was born was enlarged and the number of windows doubled in the official picture, while those poems which she thought literary masterpieces rival those of the Sweet Singer of Michigan.

While this book is strong as biography, it is weak in its psychology. It furnishes new facts, but misses significant connections. Mrs. Eddy's habits of "romanticizing" are superficially referred to the "essential vagueness and inaccuracy of her mind," and her temporary improvement in health after her second marriage to the excitement due to the Civil War. It is also said that the change in the character of the "occasionally ridiculous Mary Baker" was due to the use of morphine, but how far her later instability, her irrational terrors, her attacks of rage, and her increasing disregard for truth were caused by this dark habit will probably never be known.

This qualified statement is disappointing, for a further study of the diary of Calvin Frye, Mrs. Eddy's private secretary and general factotum, should throw more light on the gradual impairment of her judgment.

It is disappointing not to have more of Frye's diary and also so little of Clara Choate's and Julia Bartlett's unpublished reminiscences. In these we learn such intimate details as that, two years after "Science and Health" appeared, Mrs. Eddy quietly arose among a group of disciples and exclaimed: "I am infallible, I am infallible *now;* we are infallible *now.*" As Mrs. Choate reporting the scene, writes: "Not a student present grasped the divine import of her words," and even "dear Dr. Eddy" expostulated gently: "Why, Mary."

These reminiscences, as well as those of Bancroft, "foolishly suppressed by the church," furnish new material as to the gradual deification of Mrs. Eddy, but there is no fresh information as to the Portland physician, Dr. Quimby, in his relationship to the healing system of Christian Sci-

(*Continued on next page*)

This is one of the 22 striking linoleum blocks done by **Lowell Balcom** for **"Mocha Dick: The White Whale of the Pacific"** by **Lieut. J. N. Reynolds, U. S. N.** Lieut. Reynolds is not poaching on the watery domain of Herman Melville's famous *Delphinapterus.* Far from it—for the Reynolds story of the whaling expedition that slew "Mocha Dick" after a thrilling chase and epic battle was written in 1839, twelve years *before* the classic "Moby" first breached into print. Mr. Henry Wintrish rescued the story from the dusty files of a long-dead magazine, Mr. Balcom drew and cut the pictures and here you are—an artistic production that is also a literary curiosity, tarnation good reading, a tasty bit for the collector of Melvilleiana and a worthy volume for any library that sometimes ventures away from the beaten tracks of best-sellerdom. $3.50

Clarence Darrow set sail for Honolulu as attorney for the defense in the sensational Massie case a few weeks after the publication of his autobiography, **"The Story of My Life."** What Mr. Darrow said and did was plentifully recorded in the newspapers. What he *thought* about the affair has not appeared in book form until now—in the new edition of "The Story of My Life," which contains, beside all the original material that made it one of the great American autobiographies, a new and lengthy chapter on the strange motives and hatreds uncovered and aroused during the Massie trial. This chapter is only one of the peaks of interest in a book that "is as full of human interest as an egg is full of meat." There are 16 illustrations and the price is $3.50.

"The promise of a new and vigorous personality in fiction," says William Mcfee of **Zelda Fitzgerald's "Save Me the Waltz."** Mrs. Fitzgerald has told the story of a Southern girl — Alabama Beggs — who decided "to move brightly along high places and stop to trespass and admire." The results of such a decision unfold against the pyrotechnic background of Europe during the post-war boom—described in a style with which "connoisseurs," continues Mr. McFee, "will have a wonderful time" and "veteran word-mongers will read with envy and a kind of dizzy delight." Read it, reminisce, thank heaven we don't live like that nowadays . . . oh, don't we? $2.00

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(*Continued from preceding page*)

ence. This treatment of the sources of the Eddyite scriptures is the most unsatisfactory feature of this book. Dittemore gives as the final motive for releasing the new materials in his possession, the wholesale plagiarisms in Mrs. Eddy's writings, yet such borrowings are discounted by his colleague. Thus it is stated that Mrs. Glover's "Questions and Answers" bore the same title as the Quimby manuscript of which she possessed a copy, but that there was no question of direct plagiarisms. Nevertheless, Bates continues: "So far as the thought is concerned, 'Science and Health' is practically all Quimby."

The whole problem of the sources of Christian Science is much more complicated than this volume makes out, and yet when it is said that Mrs. Eddy was "no reader of books," the clue to her method of borrowing is half suggested. It was not so much from print as from people that this "hopelessly original" author derived her ideas. Yet these two different sources are here not discriminated. Following the subject of Shakerism, Bates continues:

> Similar suggestions that Mrs. Glover was directly influenced by Bronson Alcott, Emerson, Plato, Berkeley, Fichte, or Hegel are even less convincing. Alcott, as the least lucid of them, would have been the most congenial to her, but there is little trace of his peculiar Neo-Platonic doctrines in her work. For Emerson she never showed any great esteem. The German philosophers she could not possibly have understood, though she almost certainly read something about them and from some secondary Hegelian source derived the terms "Being" and "Essence," as well, perhaps, as some of her idealistic phraseology.

To examine this list briefly: Alcott visited Mrs. Eddy's "metaphysical Bible class" and wrote a note of commendation which was printed for years in the bold type of a patent medicine advertisement. Mrs. Eddy returned the compliment by copying, among other passages, the definition of sin given by the author of the Orphic Sayings. As for Emerson, Mrs. Eddy never passed the penumbra of transcendentalism and had no personal contact with its high priest, in spite of her fantastic claim that she arrested his failing mentality by her presence and conversation.

So much for the philosophers in person. As for the philosophers in print, Plato she quotes, but inaccurately; Berkeley she misinterprets, not knowing that for the Irish idealist sense impressions were real and not illusory. While her acquaintance with Fichte has not been exactly determined, the use of the terms "Being" and "Essence," could be more easily referred to Alcott than to Hegel.

Bates has, however, made another allusion which should be followed up. He says that Mrs. Eddy could write in rolling periods which recall the philosophy of the Vedanta or the Bhagavad-Gita, but he fails to mention that Wiggin, Mrs. Eddy's literary adviser and censor, deleted her garbled quotations from these Sacred Books of the East. This interesting problem remains: The first edition of "Science and Health" appeared in 1876, the very year in which another veiled prophetess, the redoubtable Madame Blavatsky, founded the Theosophical Society in Boston. The question is: Did Mrs. Eddy ever listen to the hollow and mysterious utterances of this Russian dabbler in Oriental occultism? It is more likely that she did have some personal contact here than that she followed up the cryptic saying of Emerson that "All goes back to the East."

Information on this and similar questions of personal plagiarism is unfortunately lacking, for it was only later that Calcin Frye came on the scene and began his daily jottings describing the goings-on in that Yankee Castle of Otranto, the "superstitious household" of Mrs. Eddy. Frye's diary, some of it in shorthand, contains strange formulas of black magic used to forestall the malicious animal magnetism of Kennedy, Arens, and other deserters from the fold. The conspirators are described as practising a kind of evil absent treatment, sending out thought waves which will gradually break down Mrs. Eddy's mental resistance. Here is one of these grisly incantations: "Keep torturing her all the time, then you can kill her." Occasionally the formulas are darkened by abbreviations: "You believe that you are filled with ar. (Arsenic)" or "that you have con. of l. and stopg. of h. (constriction of lungs and stoppage of heart)."

Dittemore held his directorship for "ten stormy years" and was then put out. He waited thirteen more years to disclose the secret documents of the organization. Here they are.

Woodbridge Riley is professor of philosophy at Vassar College.

Toward a New Party

THE COMING OF A NEW PARTY. By PAUL H. DOUGLAS. With a Foreword by JOHN DEWEY. New York: Whittlesey House. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by FRANK ERNEST HILL

FEW will dispute with the author or with Professor Dewey in his enthusiastic introduction, the pertinence of the question which this volume raises. It has been in the air for a generation. The dissatisfaction which it represents has sponsored three national movements since the Progressive drive in 1912, including the League for Independent Political Action, which held a convention this July, and indorsed the Socialist Norman Thomas as its choice for the presidency.

Professor Dewey has been National Chairman of the League; Professor Douglas is its Vice-Chairman. The book therefore represents informally at least the belief of a new and perhaps more than "liberal" group composed of Americans of distinction.

It presents a survey of conditions and a plan for bettering them. The first section, "The Breakdown of the Old Order," is an analysis of American society: the organization of production, the distribution of wealth, and the situation of farmers, laborers, and office workers under present conditions. Professor Douglas's conclusions are that "only the few can succeed while the vast majority must lose the prizes for which they strive and that by coöperation those who are individually weak can make themsevles collectively strong and can thus obtain benefits by common action which are impossible under the largely self-defeating methods of our present way of life."

There follow special sections on labor and the farmer, then a program which in the author's opinion will be calculated to improve the condition of these classes and the country in general. It includes employment insurance under federal control, protective legislation for labor, the encouragement of labor organization, a low tariff for the farmers, and government exploration of social and economic conditions, which would include regulation in some cases, as, for instance, with Power; and in others "active public efforts to socialize and reorganize specific industries badly in need of treatment." Coal mining would come under this head. Such activity would in turn be confessedly experimental and would look toward a steady creative policy with the welfare of all the citizens in mind.

Professor Douglas confesses that the problem of putting such a program into action is a difficult one. He examines various possibilities for doing so. Working within the old parties and capturing the old parties are two of these. He rejects them both. He examines also the fate of third parties in the past, and finds it melancholy. But he points out that these organizations have been hastily formed, and in two cases around nationally prominent Republicans. Roosevelt deserted his party after its first campaign; La Follette died, but his teammate Senator Wheeler deserted. Yet both parties polled millions of votes—La Follette's, much the smaller of the two in proportion to the total, was between four and five million.

Professor Douglas's suggestion is for beginning at the bottom instead of the top, and building up a long-time instead of a summer organization. He believes that "there is no logical place in American life for the Democratic Party"; or rather that one of the two existing main parties is all that is required to represent the conservative interest, and that once an intelligent new party appears, clearly articulating its plan, it will attract large groups to its support. He points out also that already there is but one main party in many states: the Democratic in the South and the Republican in some of the Northern states. He has hopes of using the Socialist party in the new crusade, since its doctrine no longer insists on class struggle, but merely asks "that society should ultimately be organized on the basis of public service rather than private profit."

The book represents a definite political opinion, and is in this sense partisan. On the other hand, it attempts an honest analysis of conditions, and shows an expert's thoughtful familiarity with social and economic fact. In this sense it is nonpartisan. It has presented in a new and practical way a situation that needs study, and may improve under the challenge of controversy and attempted action.

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Isidor Schneider, N. Y. *Herald Tribune*

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These are only a few of the reviews. Others go on to say—"a rare delight" (*Saturday Review*)—"gorgeous" (Detroit *News*)—"thrilling drama" (Lewis S. Gannett)—"excellent reading!" (St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*). We wouldn't be surprised if NUR MAHAL should become the most successful book ever written by the author of "Tamerlane" and "Genghis Khan."

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Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

NEW ANTHOLOGIES

THERE are two poetry anthologies before me which are of importance. Mr. Mark Van Doren's "American Poets 1630-1930" (Little, Brown) is entirely a new one. "The New Poetry" (Macmillan), edited by Harriet Monroe and Alice Corbin Henderson, appears merely in a second revised edition, somewhat enlarged. A queer thought is the first that strikes me, but since it is an honest thought, let me out with it. It is this. Why do modern anthologists so generously include their own work? An anthologist may honestly feel that several examples of his best work should, merely in decent fairness, be exhibited with the work of his contemporaries; but Mr. Van Doren includes fourteen poems of his own, and Miss Monroe and Mrs. Henderson liberally give us, in all, thirty achievements of their own. This seems excessive, not so much so, proportionately, in the case of Mr. Van Doren, as he has selected but a comparatively few poets in the course of three centuries to illustrate certain tendencies in American poetry, and has been liberal with selections from all. He makes no pretense at being comprehensive. But in Miss Monroe's "New Poetry," much of which is now the old, including experimentation now distinctly outdated, the proportioning does somewhat perplex. Here are fourteen poems by Miss Monroe herself. And here are approximately the same number by Edwin Arlington Robinson; only six by Lola Ridge, probably the greatest living contemporary American woman poet, with the exception of Edna St. Vincent Millay; only six selected from James Stephens, only five from Genevieve Taggard, only six from Walter de la Mare, only three from Stephen Vincent Benét, only six from John Masefield, only six from Lizette Woodworth Reese, only three from Louis Untermeyer, only five from the late Elinor Wylie, plus five sonnets from a sequence. And meanwhile the other editor, Alice Corbin Henderson, is accorded sixteen inclusions!

THE EDITOR'S OWN INCLUSIONS

I say this, frankly, at the risk of the cry of "Sour grapes!" inasmuch as Mr. Van Doren included a generous number of my own poems, while Miss Monroe chose two. But, nevertheless, just how much of himself an anthologist should include is a vexed question that needs airing. I do not think Mr. Van Doren should have included so many poems of his own, although he is a poet distinctive enough not to be omitted even from his own book. And in the case of Miss Monroe and Mrs. Henderson I realize that when one comes to proportioning the work of other poets (apart from the question of the editor's own work), each one of us, were we making up a collection, would allot space differently, for each one would naturally proceed according to his or her own personal taste, catholic as we might try to be. Of course, I fail to see why Miss Monroe has not chosen several of the best poems of Christopher Morley, who at his best is inimitable. I fail to see why she has not chosen from Scudder Middleton or Dorothy Parker or James Whaler, the last one of the most promising of our most recent poets. I feel that she is biased in favor of those poets whose work has appeared in her own magazine, *Poetry;* though that is not to say that *Poetry* has not accomplished a great deal for American poets and has not, indeed, included work from most of our best.

WHAT IS "NEW."

"The New Poetry," if we are to take this volume as a criterion, is an elastic term. This volume, collected by Miss Monroe and Mrs. Henderson, was first published in 1917, very soon after the genuine renaissance of poetry in America. Giants of that day were, to take them alphabetically, Conrad Aiken, Richard Aldington, John Gould Fletcher, Robert Frost, Vachel Lindsay, Amy Lowell, Edgar Lee Masters, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Ezra Pound, Carl Sandburg, Wallace Stevens, Sara Teasdale, Eunice Tietjens, William Carlos Williams, and a few others. It is natural that they are all generously represented here. The first two, Aiken and Aldington, have since consolidated their positions to an extent of which, I feel, not sufficient cognizance has been taken in this revised edition. Both have, of course, developed considerable strength in prose, but their poetic work has also advanced and improved. In 1929 Aiken won the Pulitzer Prize, aside from the fact that Richard Aldington's novels have lately been a nine days' wonder. Among women poets there is really only one new claimant, with sufficient credentials, to the place still occupied by Edna St. Vincent Millay ("new" in the sense that she will never be old!) and held in fief with her by the late Elinor Wylie. This is Léonie Adams, who by alphabetical precedence leads off Miss Monroe's "The New Poetry." She is really new, and one whose reputation I feel will grow steadily. The only one to dispute place with her is Louise Bogan, only two years her senior. I feel Miss Adams to be slightly the superior of Miss Bogan, but that is entirely a matter of taste and it is indubitable that Miss Bogan has produced excellent work. I myself should have given both Joseph Auslander and George O'Neil more space. Both are finished artists in the actually new poetry. Perhaps Stanley J. Kunitz is better than either. He is decidedly a recent phenomenon. Otherwise there is much work here that one must call for lack of a better term "veteran." Among the women I see that I have forgot to mention the beautiful verse of Winifred Welles, who is here accorded a fitting place.

Miss Monroe reprints her introductions to the two previous editions of this book, that of the original edition of 1917 and that of the first revised edition of 1923, with a slight foreword. These are most interesting, and should be reread by those who have the growth of American poetry at heart. At the end of the present volume are biographical notes from which much may be gleaned. If I seem to have been too harsh in my strictures, I can at least, from first-hand experience, appreciate what an excessively difficult task it is to compile from the great mass of work produced by American poets in the last quarter century any sort of really representative anthology.

To return to Mr. Van Doren. His aim has been to arrange "not a book of reference wherein almost any American poem might be found, nor was it to represent every American poet who has had a name." He has chosen fifty-seven poets according to his own predilection in regard to the significant, and has arranged his material chronologically. He begins with Anne Bradstreet (1612-1672) and ends with Merrill Moore (1903—). Thirty-four of his poets "have done most or all of their work in the present century," and Mr. Van Doren comments thus upon this apparent disproportion:

> The answer is that I have represented not periods, but poets, and that I have taken them wherever I thought I found them, no matter how far apart or how close together they lived. . . . Now I have not the slightest doubt that in another fifty years I should appear, if I were consulted then at all, to have been unjust in the proportions I established between this century and the last one.

Mr. Van Doren delightfully avers that the reason he has included so much of Emerson and so much of Emily Dickinson is because *he likes their work so much.* I am entirely in accord, both with the anthological reason and with the matter of taste. From year to year, to me, the poetry of Ralph Waldo Emerson assumes greater proportions. It is often and often profound and superb. On the other hand I do not agree with Mr. Van Doren's liking for so much Thoreau; but then, past the middle of the volume, and just before I begin to find my own contemporaries in selections from Amy Lowell, I am arrested by hitherto unencountered extracts from the work of Trumbull Stickney, who was born in 1874 and died at the age of thirty. He was a contemporary and friend of William Vaughn Moody. "Be still. The Hanging Gardens were a dream," begins a glorious sonnet of his, and the next poem, "Leave him now quiet by the way," has immortal power, if it were but for these lines only. "He has the fright of time. I heard it knocking in his breast A minute since";

His human eyes did wince,
He stubborned like the massive slaughter beast
And as a thing o'erwhelmed with sound
Stood bolted to the ground.

Never before has that particular experience, of which I know, been, I think, so forcibly expressed. Such choices from an obscure poet finally credential Mr. Van Doren as a notable anthologist.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Fiction

THE MANY MIZNERS. By ADDISON MIZNER. Sears. 1932. $3.

In his Foreword to "The Many Mizners" Arthur Somers Roche introduces the author of this "Amusing Story of an Amazing Family" as the development genius of Palm Beach. The autobiography, however, is not that of a captain of industry. It takes off with a pre-view of the Mizner establishment at Benicia, north of San Francisco, in the middle seventies. "God evidently made Benicia late Saturday afternoon, and must have had a tea date with a chorus girl and was in a hurry." From this rollicking start Mr. Mizner, who was co-inventor with Ethel Watts Mumford and Oliver Herford of the wise-cracking "Cynics' Calendar" of the early nineties, indulges his merry vein through broadly intimate episodes of his adolescence, later in San Francisco, the Klondike, South America, Honolulu, New York, and so on. As Mama Mizner (really a dear) remarks: "My family is 'my damned loars' and 'my damned outlaws,' but they are nobody else's." The object of the book story seems to be that of demonstrating, without reserve, the unimportance of this tribal trait.

BUCHANAN OF *THE PRESS*. By SILAS BENT. Vanguard. 1932. $2.50.

Mr. Bent's first novel possesses little distinction. The material is well-worn, the cerebration banal, the presentation mediocre. Luke Buchanan, star reporter of the St. Louis *Press*, is followed through his career in an exceedingly tentative and sketchy manner. We are privileged to observe him on a number of assignments as well as drunks. Motivation, considered purely as an elementary means of carrying the story from page to page, is almost non-existent. What little there is, is awkward and forced, and the story is consequently episodic in the extreme. Luke's wife, suicidally inclined when he married her, reaches a point where she can no longer remain balanced, torn as she is by unwarranted jealousy of her husband's work and his craving for alcohol. She commits suicide. With the nominal mainspring of his life broken, Luke lets things slide from day to day, his work runs downhill and he is demoted to the copy desk, which he serves adequately, if without distinction. There has been a feeble attempt to infuse an element of irony and disillusionment into the tale, but it is so obvious and artificial as to be laughable.

WINE WITH A STRANGER. By LOUISE REDFIELD PEATTIE. Century. 1932. $2.

Although Mrs. Peattie's latest novel opens in Paris it swings quickly back to the country of her earlier "Pan's Parish," the shining Provence which she so obviously loves. In Paris one cold spring day, an English woman standing before a painting of a young priest in the exhibition of the work of Prospero Pangaro commented upon the unusual expression in the eyes. With this the story turns, seeks out the young priest who had served as model, and discovers what caused that expression. The Curé Retour lived in a small town in the Midi. Here Pangaro came and the two became friends despite Pangaro's agnosticism. Pleasant days and evenings of talk follow. The priest has Pangaro's word that he will not work his wiles upon the young widow with whom the painter is lodging. Both men love this woman, Pangaro will have none of it, however, as marriage is the trap he proposes to avoid, and the Curé does not even suspect what his feelings for Philomene means. The story runs on idyllically until in a terrific encounter the two men come to grips and the painter tells the priest just what his concern for his young parishioner actually springs from. A lapse of time follows. The happy end arrives and "that" expression which sees beyond the world, burns in the eyes of the young priest. A simple and romantic story lacking the satiric touch that enlivened "Pan's Parish" but otherwise much like it.

SHY CINDERELLA. By *Wilson Collison*. McBride. $2 net.

UNCLE GIDEON. By *Nettie Bisber Fanning*. Stratford. $2.

THE BROOM SQUIRES. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. Macmillan. 1932. $2.

This is about the briskest of Eden Phillpotts novels up to date. He knows so thoroughly and loves so well the English country of which he writes that he often taxes the reader's interest owing to his own enthusiasm. In this story of the gypsies of the broom-country and their unwilling hosts he keeps his background out of the foreground and out of the way of the story, which moves along very freely in consequence. Mr. Phillpotts could always tell a story, though usually he shows some reluctance about doing it, but not in this case. Here is a novel by Eden Phillpotts that does not seem long.

The outline of this story is not a new one but the people following it are fresh and convincing enough to make their old situations seem probable. The fundamental conflict is between the conservative and the prodigal types of human nature, between the conventional and the temperamental, between the home-loving and the road-loving. But the conflict is sharpened by youth and love. For an English girl of the steady, sober farmer class to fall in love with a roving broom-maker of Gypsy blood certainly presents nothing new in situation and yet, even though the psychology of the characters is never entered into at all deeply, Mr. Phillpotts makes both his hero and heroine too personally likable and realistic for any reader to hold the unoriginality of their plot against them. "The Broom Squires" is a good story well told, with a host of entertaining secondary characters in the gypsy camp on the straight-laced farm.

SUCCESS AND PLENTY. By J. L. CAMPBELL. Dutton. 1932. $2.50.

The author of last year's "The Miracle of Peille" has turned his hand to a very different subject and treatment in this present work. There are no miracles in "Success and Plenty" and the belief in miracles helps no one. The one likeness between the two books is the attempt to take a purely detached attitude towards the workings of religious fanaticism in human beings, an attempt not quite successful in either case.

"Success and Plenty" tells once more the old, old story of the struggle of the individual against his world. Handicapped by heredity and repressed by his environment, the exampler of the individual in this case seems to have very little chance of making a winning fight. But Arthur Chimes is, in the reading, much more than a figure for a thesis. He comes to life in many parts of his story and maintains a personality even when the novel drops momentarily into the mechanical.

Arthur's father was past middle-age and his mother all of that before he was born. The father was a narrow, intense, and discouraged pillar of the Nonconformist Church. His mother was a narrow, loving, and optimistic daughter of a missionary to China. A double temperamental inheritance. And then the environment. The father died when Arthur was still a boy so that he grows up under the constant pressure of his mother's undiscriminating love. The beliefs she learned long ago from her missionary father she instills in her son. But life in London of the present presents difficulties that never reached the missionary compound in China a generation ago. Arthur sets out to meet life with a very badly woven armor indeed. In this early part of the book, with Arthur's loss of job after job, his inability to understand wherein he fails, his unavoidable adventuring into theft with the best intention in the world, and the unfortunately timed death of his mother are all told very simply and with a convincing quality. This is another portrait of the Englishman as a young man that must be added to the long and excellent gallery that already exists.

When Arthur actually grows up the book takes on more the color of a story than that of actual life. The American widow of a millionaire who attempts so unsuccessfully to seduce Arthur is probable enough, and the episode with its almost tragic end might have made a Vienese novelette, but it lacks some tone to save it from seeming to exist to prove a point. Arthur's affairs with other women are the affairs of many young men of like background and we have all read of them

(*Continued on page* 198)

No. 3

The VIKING *Galley*

Every so often in the publishing business—even in these days of depression—a book comes along that not only should sell but does. When the manuscript of Feuchtwanger's latest novel, JOSEPHUS, came into the office we predicted that it would be received with even greater enthusiasm than his previous novels and that it would just have to sell. Now it looks as though it were rapidly becoming one of the major sellers of the Fall—the sort of novel that people not only talk about, but also read.

JOSEPHUS

by LION FEUCHTWANGER

Author of "Power (Jew Süss)"

HENDRIK VAN LOON writes us: "The critics when in an orgy of enthusiasm seem to think that they are paying a book a compliment when they say that they read it at one sitting. I am reading *Josephus* five pages at a time because I get such tangible joy out of that opus that, childlike, I want to prolong the pleasure. It is a grand piece of work." "It is comparable to but one other historical novel written in our generation—and that is *Power*."—LEWIS BROWNE. "An historical fiction unequalled even by Feuchtwanger."—LOUIS UNTERMEYER. "A more powerful, a vaster and more dramatic tale than any of its predecessors."—*N. Y. Times*.

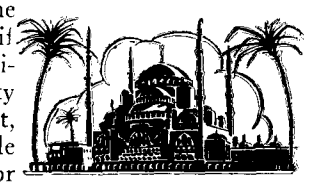
You'll enjoy this story of Rome and its far-flung Empire in the days of Nero and of Flavius Josephus, priest and pander, champion and betrayer of his race. *Translated by Willa and Edwin Muir.* 504 *octavo pages.* $2.50.

Major Yeats-Brown stayed in New York long enough to help put BLOODY YEARS *on the best-seller list and then embarked on a lecture tour of the United States.*

BLOODY YEARS

by F. YEATS-BROWN

Author of "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer"



As Heywood Broun said the other night on the radio if Major Yeats-Brown's experiences in his Turkish captivity could make him write like that, he (Broun) was going to cable over to have a cell ready for himself immediately. That's the way this book is "getting" people. The author has a magic of relating his hairbreadth escapes in such a way that you yourself are living through them. He also has a way of telling historical facts that make them—even if they are familiar—more glamorous than fiction. "So exciting, so arousing that you simply cannot put it down."—JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON, *San Francisco Chronicle*. "As thrilling a tale as any told by the elder Dumas."—MAX BEERBOHM. "Even more thrilling than *Bengal Lancer*."—LOWELL THOMAS and HUGH WALPOLE. *Illustrated,* $2.75

The thousands who read Arnold Zweig's THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA *will be excited to know that the long awaited second volume is finally announced for publication. It is called* YOUNG WOMAN OF 1914 *and will be published December 3rd.*

There has just been published an extremely important and stimulating historical work THE BIRTH OF THE NATIONS by Valeriu Marcu, undoubtedly one of the leading Continental thinkers—a Rumanian who thinks like a French philosopher and uses German as a literary medium. In his new book he shows the emergence of modern Europe from the conflicts that came to a head in the Thirty Years' War—mirrored in the lives of its great protagonists. Richelieu, Mazarin, Machiavelli, Wallenstein are among the figures portrayed in this striking blend of biography and history.

Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. Illustrated. $3.75.

It is interesting to note the continued popularity of "Saki" in this country. THE SHORT STORIES OF SAKI, *an omnibus of his best work with an introduction by Christopher Morley has the steadiest sale of almost any back book on our list.*

THE · VIKING · PRESS

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Points of View

Artistic Decoration

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Mr. Shipley's defense of Granville Hicks is, to say the least, left-handed. It is true that in accusing the *Saturday Review* of begging the question in its answer to Hicks's statement that the person who regards life from the proletarian point of view is capable of accurate and clarifying interpretation, he has taken an honorable stand. But in his academic answer to Hicks's statement that the person who looks at life from the point of view of the exploiting class inevitably distorts it, he joins hands with our editor in calling out arrant nonsense. Why it is arrant nonsense he doesn't very convincingly say.

The point is that Hicks is right. There is a class struggle, and if your point of view is that the strong should reap the fruit (a point of view inconsistent with all the *Saturday Review's* pleas for a decent humanitarianism) then you must distort life so far as the exploited class is concerned.

But Mr. Shipley fell down by not recognizing the fact that Hicks's statement, while true, has no great literary significance. He failed to grasp two essential points; the first, that there are two kinds of distortion, artistic and social-economic, and the second, that the point of impact between writer and reader is what really counts in all great literature. The first kind of distortion is the kind you get from Thomas Hardy. It is artistic distortion of background only. The central idea, without which there would be no art, is where Mr. Hardy puts his real emphasis, and it is this that the reader carries away with him. In proof of my statement, is the fact that in Russia today the great classics of Russian literature are again being read. And I suppose this is because, with great literature, the kind of minor distortion I have mentioned pales into insignificance beside the central theme of the authentic work.

The other kind of distortion is the kind you get in a "Forsyte Saga." Here you have a work, not about one central idea of the writer's concerning the struggle of an individual with the inside of himself, but a work which is social and economic in its idea. Here is a book which, from the point of view of impact, is all background, and a greatly distorted background, too. It is with such books, not great literature, that Hicks's statement has most force.

However, as I remember the discussion, Hicks was more concerned with criticism than with number one writing. And here, if we are to avoid the evils that Hicks talks about, we do need a change. What passes for criticism today, and the pages of the *Review* attest my statement, is merely reviewing, and reviewing as such is hardly more than sales talk. Criticism suffers from people like Mr. Shipley who insist upon a Jovian calm and dispassionateness—a calm impossible to mortals. What criticism does need is a point of view. Without that you can neither attack nor defend, for these verbs need a reason for action.

The critic with a proletarian point of view will deal with the social-economic distortion that today goes unchallenged. He will not extol the fine people of the "Forsyte Saga." Neither will he be sorry for them. He will feel that these are people, not victims of environment and heredity only, but people who are enthusiastically and eagerly so. As such their difficulties will excite but little pity. Such a criticism will do away with the Arnold Bennetts, the Hugh Walpoles, the John Galsworthys of literature—will do away with all those who depict an entire class with its class background and trimmings, and will leave, higher by their absence, the true artists whose only distortion is an artistic one, and whose great concern is with an individual's problems with the very core of his being. This artistic distortion will always exist, and even though, under a proletarian ordering of society, it may assume a different form, it will remain of no more importance, compared with the point of impact, than it actually is today.

In conclusion, let me anticipate the argument that Hicks may offer. He may say that the great writers of today do distort life, that the very defeatism of a Hardy would not be possible in the proletarian ordered society. The only answer I know is, that while the world and men must and do go ahead, the intelligent man will realize that a society, a Utopia, which contained no defeatism would be, *ipso facto,* a society with no need of literature, or of art in any form. But this talk of Utopias is for children, rather than for sane, intelligent, sincere workers who look, not for a hypothetical Utopia, but for a soon-as-possible change in conditions that will leave us primarily at our own mercy, rather than at the dubious mercy of others.

St. Charles, Ill. Bertram Enos.

Just Published
EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY
The Princess Marries the Page
A limited number of the first edition of this charming new play in verse are now available in the bookstores at the regular price, $2.00, illustrated.
HARPERS

Swedenborgianism

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Will you allow me the courtesy of your columns to correct any misapprehension which may have been caused your readers by Mr. Woodbridge Riley's review of "The Drama of Life After Death" (Holt), as appearing in your issue of September 17.

The statements to which I take exception are not, of course, the fault of Mr. Riley, but are due to the common error of the author of this book who evidently without first-hand knowledge of Swedenborg's life and works, classes him with the spiritist school represented by the table-rappers and mediums.

Swedenborg's experiences in the world of the spirit no more place him in the category of the Fox sisters and Davis, than do the supernatural events in the lives of say Joan of Arc or John, on Patmos, classify those persons as spiritists.

To rate Swedenborg as "the father of modern spiritualism," as commonly called, drags this great scientist, philosopher, and religious reformer down to the level of the "seekers after spirits," whereas the Swedish Aristotle repeatedly warns his readers against such practices.

Swedenborg's own experience was unique in that the eyes of his spirit were for many years open at the same moment as he saw with his natural vision. Nor was he thereby interrupted in his duties as a member of his nation's parliament, or when about his everyday affairs.

Such a state as that of Swedenborg's may only be attained by a life of consistent self-immolation which thins away the material beliefs most of us are heir to and which now hide from man the deeper things of the spirit. And there must, too, be associated with such an experience a call to undertake a certain mission which is not given to the curious or to the sensation seeker.

Leslie Marshall,
Committee on Publications.

The Fountain

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

A recent *Review* printed Mr. Knopf's neatly-worded regret that the author of "The Fountain," without giving an inkling of what he was about, had signed a contract with another publisher for his future work. Mr. Knopf evidently assumed that in view of his generous backing of a novelist as yet unknown, a finer loyalty on Mr. Morgan's part might not unreasonably have been expected. Now the plot of the novel happens to turn on a piece of disloyalty, even though the adulterous couple and many admirers of the book have politer names for the treason to the heroine's husband. I cannot help wondering therefore whether there may not be a slight inconsistency in objecting to an unfair treatment of a publisher by an author so lavishly praised for glorifying disloyalty in another relation.

Understand, please, I have no wish to judge the merits of a work of art by the conduct of the artist as a man. But since literature interprets the dealings of people with one another, and since ethical appraisals can hardly be counted negligible in estimating the soundness of the interpretation, the problem raised by the apparent inconsistency in Mr. Knopf's objection keeps bothering me. Perhaps I am just old-fashioned in thinking the waters of "The Fountain" somewhat muddy. But it is interesting to observe how certain intangible loyalties, dismissed at one door as outmoded, have a curious way of knocking for readmission at another. If my judgment is too severe, I should be glad to have somebody who admires the book set me straight.

Brooklyn, N. Y. Henry Neumann.

Pedro de Alvarado

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

We have read with interest Mr. Philip Ainsworth Means's review of "Pedro de Alvarado, Conquistador," in your issue of September 17th, 1932. We thank you for the publication, and, retaining a firm grip upon our sense of humor and remembering that "it is better to be attacked than ignored," we beg leave to answer Mr. Means's criticisms.

One of these is amusing. Mr. Means states "He (the author) seems to be very weak in Castilian." Presumably Mr. Means means "Spanish." Mr. Kelly has lived for many years in Latin America where as an engineer he has had much use for Spanish and has written many articles and contracts in that tongue.

With regard to the alleged deficiencies in the Bibliography, the author is damned if he does and damned if he doesn't. If he omits the bibliography altogether as in the case of several recent biographies of Spanish explorers, the reviewer cries out at the omission; if he includes his list of authorities the reviewer seeks for pinholes. Mr. Means overlooks the fact that Mr. Kelly's researches in Guatemala among manuscript material not only supplant but render the additional authorities cited by your reviewer of secondary importance. It is apparent from Mr. Means's review that he is not familiar with the history and chroniclers of Central America and Mexico. Mr. Kelly did make use of Maudslay's work and gave due credit thereto.

"Valladolid" was misspelled in the text, a matter which seems to us scarcely of importance enough to include in a short review. For that matter there are five other typographical errors which escaped repeated reading and were only discovered after the book was bound which Mr. Means might refer to with equal reason. But to your reviewer's objection to the "handling of Spanish names" we must take exception. Before the book was delivered to the publisher the names were checked by Guatemalan scholars, whose knowledge of their own language is far greater than that of either Mr. Kelly or Mr. Means.

The same is true of the alleged historical errors, such as when and where Enriquez de Guzman died. Neither the author nor the reviewer were present on that historic occasion and each must depend upon authorities. Those of Mr. Kelly are without doubt at least as accurate as the source Mr. Means depends upon. Benalcazar was a territorial governor as stated in the present book. It is not claimed that he was a Captain General or Governor of Peru or Ecuador.

Mr. Means finds fault with the first part of the book as being too summarized. At the request of the publisher this portion was rewritten, 36,000 words being deleted, as the Princeton University Press felt that in its original form the biography was too lengthy.

Alvarado *was* a subordinate of Cortes. The credit for the Mexican Conquest is due the latter and Mr. Kelly did not deem it his task to exalt Alvarado at the expense of his leader. He did, however, emphasize that Alvarado was second in command, such references being frequent, as for example in the description of the "Noche Triste" where Alvarado is described as the "Chief Captain" of Cortes.

We regret that the biography did not please Mr. Means, we have been more fortunate elsewhere, and the Sociedad de Geografico e Historia of Guatemala whose membership includes leading American authorities on the Spanish conquest of Latin America, and which as a body has conducted an intensive study of Alvarado and his times, has commended the volume.

New York City. Hubert J. Hannon.

On Immortality

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In your September 3rd issue, L. P. Jacks, editor of *The Hibbert Journal,* in his review of "The Issues of Immortality," has, like a sculptor, given more angles of aspect, than the subject, when discussed, usually receives. I remember my mother with an unwavering conviction of immortality, was always depressed after hearing a sermon in which the "proofs" were cited by her beloved pastor.

There is one aspect, however, he has not presented and that is the spirituality or immortality of the body itself, not solely viewed from the reasoning of the atomic theory, but from the miracles it continuously performs. Some scientist has said that if the mind were as great a magician as the functioning of the various organs of the body prove it is, its director, man, a veritable good would be. Another aspect presents itself, and that is through art. Art ever opening to vision new horizons, is an introspection of the Eternal, and a hint of the substantial and enduring stuff, not of the race of the crowd-mind, but of the individual spirit. T. R. Fleming.

Long Beach, California.

Kate Chase Sprague

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I am working on a biography of Kate Chase Sprague and would like to get into communication with anyone having letters to, from, or about this charming and once famous daughter of Lincoln's Secretary of the Treasury, Salmon Portland Chase, who was later U. S. Chief Justice.

Jean West Maury
(Mrs. Magruder Gordon Maury.)
155 Winthrop Road, Brookline, Mass.

A Correction

To the Editor of the *Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In justice to M. Lafourcade, I must note that my review of "Swinburne" in your issue of September 24 contains a quoted passage which a misprint makes absurd: "John Morley created the immortality [read *immorality*] of 'Poems and Ballads.'" Clyde K. Hyder.

University of Kansas.

History Comes to Life in This Story of High Adventure
MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY
By CHARLES NORDHOFF *and* JAMES NORMAN HALL
Intensely dramatic story of a midshipman on the famous H. M. S. *Bounty,* put ashore at Tahiti following the mutiny; where after two years of idyllic life with a beautiful Polynesian girl, he was seized by the crew of a British Frigate and brought home in chains to face a sensational trial for his life.
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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

L. S., Maryland, is to give a course of lectures on English religious poetry. "What would be the best collection for the class to use? The 'Oxford Mystical Verse' is of course excellent, but there is not enough in it; that is, it's too mystical. I'd like to include more Browning, Wordsworth, and certainly more of Milton. 'Lyra Mystica' does not seem discriminating."

ALL these requirements are met by "The World's Great Religious Poetry," edited by C. M. Hill (Macmillan), and now that the price has been reduced by re-issue it is within the textbook range. It is large enough to include a good many poems the unliterary will expect to find—a valuable feature in gaining the confidence of the general reader, who is assured by the presence of a poem to which some dear association has been fixed and put in a frame of mind to admit new beauty. There is another excellent anthology made by Frederick Merrifield for class use as well as home reading: "Modern Religious Verse and Prose" (Scribner). Within the year a singularly beautiful small anthology of religious poetry has been compiled by Edward Thompson on an unusual plan —"The Invisible World" (Dutton). He has not only chosen poems from Oriental religious sources as well as those of the Occident, from the distant past as well as fairly recent years, but he has printed each without the name of the author, sometimes even without title, letting the reader meet them purely on their merits and leaving authorship to an appendix at the back where poets appear in numbered sequence. Chosen by one who believes that "religion rises in solitude, when the soul is face to face with God," there is a spiritual likeness in this world-wide range. A new "Catholic Anthology," edited by Thomas Walsh (Macmillan), and a "Treasury of Middle English Verse" selected and put in modern English by Margot Anderson (Dutton) will be valuable in preparation for this course.

F. C. T., St. Louis, Mo., asks for the best moderate priced book on European history for the period 1900 *to* 1930 *or* 1931, *or as near this date as possible, and for a good guide to histories (not historical fiction) that will give a fairly complete list covering ancient, European, and American hostory, with short reviews and appraisals of each work.* "Wider Horizons," by Herbert Adams Gibbons (Century), goes from 1900 to 1930 and is a history of the geographical, political, and social changes that have gone on in the world during this time. Necessarily sketchy, it is none the less useful to a newspaper reader willing to look back of the headlines. The "Guide to Historical Literature," edited under the auspices of the American Historical Association (Macmillan), is one of the most valuable library helps imaginable; it covers the field of history and its descriptive annotations are models of succinctness and authoritative information. It costs $10.50 and every large library will have to have it.

P. D. S., Oberlin, O., and several other correspondents have already asked for material in preparing Christmas programs for school or club use. While it may seem like a premature grab at time's front hair, here are, for the benefit of other program-makers, some of the books that I have called to their attention. Denison publishes two volumes of plays for children, "Christmas Comedies," intended for the teens, and "Christmas Plays for One and All," in which younger players may take part. "Mr. Scrooge" is a dramatic fantasy by Ashley Miller (Dodd, Mead) from Dickens' famous "Carol"; there is a dramatic version of Kate Douglas Wiggin's "The Bird's Christmas Carol" (Houghton Mifflin), a book that in its time ran the Christmas stories of Dickens close in popularity. There are several plays suitable for Christmas parties in a new collection edited by Montrose Moses, "Ring Up the Curtain" (Little, Brown) and in "The Ragamuffin Marionettes," by Frances Lester Warner (Houghton Mifflin), is a new and charming puppet-play that can be given at a Christmas party with the minimum expense and effort. For stories there is a collection made for program purposes, "Christmas in Modern Story" (Century), unhackneyed present-day tales gathered by Maud V. Buren, and Eleanor Farjeon's "Come Christmas" (Stokes) is a collection of jolly poems that will come in handy at this time. There is an anthology with the same title, "Come Christmas," edited by Lesley Frost and including selections old and new; this too should be in a school collection. "Yule Light" is a pageant made out of old songs and carols (Century). I wish someone would celebrate Christmas this year by singing through one of the sequences of French carols, such as are to be found in "Noels Anciens," the collection by Leon Roques that comes out every year in our family. For stories to read aloud, Dickens still bears the bell (his "Christmas Stories" and "Christmas Books" are full of material) with Thackeray's "Rose and the Ring" and Irving's "Bracebridge Hall." Now that this year we shall have less to give, it would be a grand thing for the country if we would sing more. For songs can begin far ahead of the actual celebration—as in England where Good King Wenceslas comes in with the waits or Germany where one knows Christmas is coming by the blended sounds of chopping raisins and "Stille Nacht."

H. S. C., Melrose, Mass., is collecting data on American literature written during the World War—not before or after but while it was actually taking place—and finds trouble in getting fiction with a view of this stormy period. Most of it was little more than "occasional literature," perfunctory and hurried. Writing in France, Edith Wharton could rise to the occasion to some extent in "The Marne" (Appleton), and Dorothy Canfield's "Home Fires in France" and "The Day of Glory" (Holt) are based on vivid personal experiences. Mary Roberts Rinehart's "Amazing Interlude" (Doubleday, Doran) involved a soup-kitchen at the front, and her "Twenty-three and a Half Hours Leave" and Grace Richmond's "The Whistling Mother" were brief diversions of the time. Freeman Tilden's "Khaki" showed how one man got into the war, and "My Country," a standardized thriller by George R. Brown (Small, Maynard), is said to have been the first novel "arising from our war with Germany." Looking over the field to-day, the novels by Americans then writing in America that still last seem to be no more than three: Booth Tarkington's "Ramsey Milholland" (Doubleday, Doran); Upton Sinclair's "Jimmie Higgins" (Macmillan), a vital record of socialism during the war, and "Professor Latimer's Progress," by Simeon Strunsky (Holt), one of the most valuable sources of information for students of the American mind in these perturbed and unsettling months.

R. G. H., Brooklyn, N. Y., reminds me that in the references to Laura Richards that have appeared in this column nothing has been said about the book "Sundown Songs." "I hope," she says, "it is not because it is out of print. It contained that enchanting poem Little John Bottlejohn. Do you know it? It has been set to music and I once heard it sung by over a hundred settlement house children and it came over strong. They loved it." As usual, this inquirer sends me the words complete from memory. To all those who took part in the correspondence about Laura Richards and her nonsense verses the news will come with gladness that the "omnibus volume" of her rhymes for which so strong a call was made by the readers of this department has just been published by Little, Brown. It is called "Tirra Lirra," and in it are all the poems asked for by readers of the Guide, together with many more of the old ones and all the new ones written last year. I don't know a more delightful book, nonsense of the purest sort, woven with the keenest sense of the technique of nonsense—and that is no easy matter. Little John Bottlejohn is here, and Mrs. Snipkin, and the Seven Little Tigers (you should have heard the yell that went up from old grads when it was feebly hinted that this poem might be too gory) and Winifred Wright who married a fright, and Bingo the Dingo and the Fatal Flamingo, and the Mameluke and the Hospodar; there are new pictures all through the book, which has an introduction by me, so I suppose I should not be thus recommending it, but who cares?

T. R. W., New York, asks for books on present-day conditions on the continent of Europe. If the chapters on the countries where I have not lived are half so faithful to the facts as those about England, Germany, or France, "Not to be Repeated: the Merry-Go-Round of Europe" (Long & Smith) will be of the highest value to anyone who wants to know what life is like across the ocean to-day. The chapter on the English royal family is alone worth owning the book, being one of those statements of what everybody knows in one country and nobody in another that do so much for helping countries to see eye to eye. The book is by anonymous writers, apparently newspapermen by their robust and irreverent style, and it keeps personalities well to the front as newspaper readers require. "The Discovery of Europe" (Dutton) goes deeper, as one might expect from Paul Cohen-Portheim who wrote "Time Stood Still." Take, for example, the thoughtful paragraphs on the chances for any thoroughgoing "Americanization" of England, which for reasons that he gives with care he thinks very improbable, far as the process may seem already to have gone on the outside. The book is in three parts, Pre-war, Post-war, and the Europe that the writer has himself known well, in aspects he thinks worth remembering, this part being as valuable for atmosphere as for information. "Gone Abroad," by Charles Graves (Dutton), is an entertaining travel guide to Germany and Belgium, full of the sort of facts an alert mind would pick up from a guide in whom he believes—and for a six-weeks trip like this it saves time and strength to believe the guide. It does just what a hurried holiday-maker would do, especially one who likes to eat and drink in foreign parts, and anyone who has been over this track will recognize everything.

R. S. C., Detroit, Mich., tells *M. K., Evanston Ill.,* who asked for a pocket handbook for birds, that the "American Birds" of Frank G. Ashbrook contains both land and water birds, "the colors in the plates comparing favorably with those of nature." It is of pocket size and sells for a dollar (Reilly). *E. K., Kansas City, Mo.,* asks for the address of the English review *Life and Letters,* which has lately become a quarterly. It is at 10 Great Queen Street, London, W. C. 3, and now costs eleven shillings a year to any address. The Midwestern Meteor Association, on the lookout through this department for examples of meteors in fiction, is hereby informed that one of the lethal instruments in "Five Fatal Words," a mystery story by Edwin Balmer and Philip Wylie (Long & Smith), is no less than a meteorite, "a shred of some star"—but how it is made to serve the purposes of a singularly determined and ingenious murderer one must read to find out. Also Morrow is just publishing the account by Marie Ahnightito Peary, of the discovery by Peary of the Cape York meteorites, in a story for young people called "The Red Caboose."

We are advertised, in the original sense of the word, by our loving friends all over the world: at the moment this letter holds the long-distance record:

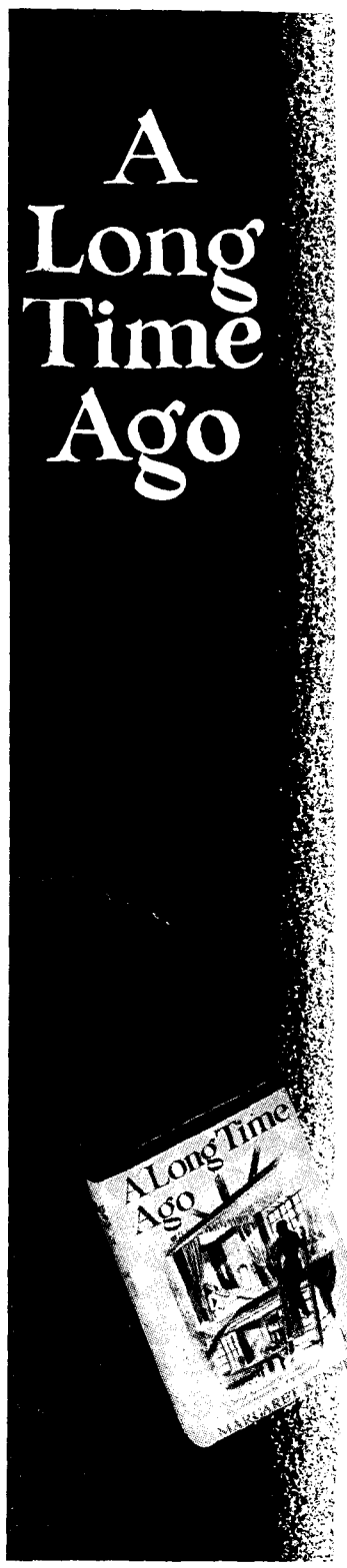
Ganta, Liberia, Africa.

If anyone asks for novels with the scene laid in rural England I hope you will put Mary Webb's "Precious Bane" near the top of the list. Stories told in the first person and in dialect do not sound promising to me, but I found this one charming, simply charming. It is not a new book, though new to me here. I wish I had not read it so that I might be just commencing. With mail coming up but once a month you may know that we like to have something ahead to read. Wells is quite good for filling in the lapses and a little copy of "Tristram Shandy" which has been around for years was dutifully finished.

We enjoy the *Saturday Review* immensely, and M. L. B.'s page is not the least of its attractions. It seems there was no mention of "Boots," Kipling's poem, in the Footprinters' Association list. Isn't there some connection?

As these natives here say before leaving: "Ma, I go."

E. C. T.



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. . brilliantly written by the author of *THE CONSTANT NYMPH . .*

MARGARET KENNEDY

A sonata on the theme of human memory; of how we each possess our own past which we can share with no one else. Suave, witty, written with delicate gusto. And the scene: an Irish castle, an island and a lake.

$2.00 Doubleday, Doran

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The New Books

Fiction

(Continued from page 195)

before. Described, the ending would seem just the usual prearranged happy one, but after all it is exactly what would happen to an Arthur who was and had been what this particular Arthur was and had been. Arthur's story justifies itself in being interesting, and he himself stands out from its more "fictional" passages as a very real unfortunate.

THREE CORNERED LOVE. By NANCY HOYT. Doubleday, Doran. 1932. $2.

"Young luxury hounds at play," it says on the outside of the jacket, "young luxury hounds at play," it says on the inside of the jacket, and "young luxury hounds at play" it says on the second fly leaf of the book proper. If the reader still has no idea what Nancy Hoyt's latest novel is about it would seem to be largely his own fault. We are used to finding various highly optimistic remarks about a book on its paper cover but this fly leaf paragraph concerning what, more or less, lies beyond is something rather new. Pretty soon one will not need to read a book at all; he can just glance over the introductory information about it and call it a day.

Nancy Hoyt writes about smart young people with well-developed personalities and tastes, who nevertheless manage to find life decidedly annoying in the going. In what to a good deal more than three-quarters of the inhabitants of this planet would seem enviable circumstances, they succeed in feeling put upon by fate. And since they are always very witty and very gay in their reception of the evils of this world they are most entertaining to read about. It is not depressing to consider three young and able-bodied adults suddenly being established very charmingly in a house of their own in London even if good-provider father has cut their allowances considerably.

The amusing young people in this case are two brothers and a sister. Andy is thirty and divorced and still in love with his former wife although he knows well enough that she is not worth loving. Ann is twenty-seven and divorced and half in love with a fraction of her past. She has a baby that is as individualized as any one in the book and makes one realize how much more pleasant babies could be if they would only set about it. Tony is the younger brother still undivorced, unmarried even. The bitter remarks of his two elders concerning that estate, which was formerly supposed to be arranged for in heaven, leave him a little cautious; but not, of course, cautious enough.

London likes the group and they like London and so, despite the fact that Andy and Ann think life fairly well summed up in the bowl of cherries idea, they come and go, entertain and are entertained in that hard, bright sparkle of days and nights that Nancy Hoyt expresses so well. For Tony the London adventure ends in marriage as it must. For the other two it ends in flight. In the end they are preparing to return to America and hide away on a New England place they have. They feel, and put up a very good argument for so feeling, completely futile and yet there is the baby and there is the possibility of Andy's writing and there is, although they do not take this into account, an amazing amount of young life in them. They are at last just what they were in the beginning. They should be frowned upon for almost every thing that they do, but who is there to do it? Some one who can resist their charm and that one will be hard to find. Miss Hoyt carries on the tradition that has established earnest people as rather dull at best and frivolous ones as much better companions for most of the minor crises of life.

Miscellaneous

THE PRESTIGE OF SCHILLER IN ENGLAND. By *Frederic Ewen*. Columbia University Press. $3.

THE STORY OF THE MINERALS. By *Herbert P. Whitlock*. American Museum of Natural History.

A MAN MUST FIGHT. By *Gene Tunney*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

STRAW VOTES. By *Claude E. Robinson*. Columbia University Press. $2.75.

ARGUMENTATION AND DEBATING. By *William Trufort Foster*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

ARTIST'S COUNTRY. The Studio. $3.50.

MASSES VS. CLASSES. By *Benjamin A. Mason*. California University Press. $1.

WEE DRAPPIES. By *Sir Harry Lauder*. McBride. $1.50.

THE CULT OF WEAKNESS. By *Henry Cabot Lodge*. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50.

GET THAT JOB. By *Robert T. Gelber*. Stokes. $1.

THE NEW VISION. By *L. Moholy-Nagy*. Brewer, Warren & Putnam.

THE ADVERTISING AGENCY LOOKS AT RADIO. Edited by *Neville O'Neill*. Appleton. $3.

LANGUAGES AND LANGUAGES. By *Willem L. Graff*. Appleton. $4.

HOSPITALS AND CHILD HEALTH. Century. $2.50.

THE GRAND SOCIAL ENTERPRISE. By *Elmer Louis Kayser*. Columbia University Press. $2.

GOD IN THE SHADOWS. By *Hugh Redwood*. Revell. $1.

TINY GARMENTS. By *Cornelia Otis Skinner*. Farrar & Rinehart. $1 net.

THE CHANGING CULTURE OF AN INDIAN TRIBE. By *Margaret Mead*. Columbia University Press. $4.50.

THE BIRDS OF MINNESOTA. By *Thomas S. Roberts*. University of Minnesota Press. 2 vols.

THE COKESBURY PARTY BOOK. Compiled by *Arthur W. Depew*. Cokesbury. $1.50.

CHARACTER IN HUMAN RELATIONS. By *Hugh Hartshorne*. Scribners. $2.50.

THE FRENCH IN SONORA. By *Rufus Kay Wyllys*. University of California.

Travel

THE SPRING JOURNEY. By ALAN PRYCE-JONES. Harcourt, Brace. 1932. $3.

Though to the literal-minded, this book, being the record of a journey made in the Mediterranean East, should come under the heading of travel, it is no ordinary travel book. As the author says, "personality is the only fashionable artistic subject" these days. Mr. Pryce-Jones emerges from this book's pages an individual with rare charm and ability to write rich prose.

What distinguishes the latter is the author's love of inanimate things, their shapes and forms as colored by his fancy; an extreme sensibility, and a zest for experience. With onomatopœia and swift changes of light and shadow, he soothes and pricks the reader by turns. And there is no unwelcome straining after realistic effects in similes or metaphors to make one shudder. Instead here is kaleidoscopic description registering the impressions of the writer's senses in retrospect, with byplay in the form of discussion on any theme from Descartes's philosophy to boots, from ruins to esthetics. A saving humor halts his musings if they become too involved or metaphysical. The author's "newness to himself" is not surprising when he admits to twenty-one years.

The first essay (for that is what his chapters really are) has Egypt for a springboard. There we encounter Mrs. Schlumberger, that fantastic woman with her "devices for going up and down hills, and her soft circular luggage." She, in fact, interrupts the journey frequently; once for a whole chapter in Syria, "Interlude at a Circus." On the Nile near Luxor, he enjoys the poetry of motion under an orange and blue felucca. At Assouan are the magnificent Nubians "as black as those figures which hold an electric lamp at the foot of an Edwardian staircase, and strong as a buffalo." Mr. Pryce-Jones dares to describe what is already familiar through excellent books or at first hand; and gets away with it on the strength of his original interpretations, though at times his thinness of material makes itself felt.

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Knickerbockerana

THE valuable bibliography of Washington Irving compiled by William R. Langfeld which is now being serialized in the *Bulletin of The New York Public Library* (the first instalment appeared in the June number) provides interesting data toward a study of the metamorphosis frequently undergone by the titles of American books that are subsequently, or simultaneously, or even previously, issued in London.

In the instance of Irving there were no alterations, or only trifling ones, up to the publication of "The Crayon Miscellany" (1835), which was denominated simply "Miscellanies" by Murray, though each of the three volumes carried an explanatory subtitle identical with that in the Philadelphia issue. Thereafter the divergences are more marked, but not always of obvious significance save as testimony to the fact that one editor's meat is sometimes another editor's poison. "Astoria," subtitled "Anecdotes of an Enterprise beyond the Rocky Mountains," in the Carey, Lea & Blanchard edition (1836), crossed the Atlantic to Richard Bentley the same year to appear as "Astoria; or, Enterprise Beyond the Rocky Mountains."

A more striking alteration occurred in 1837. "The Rocky Mountains: or, Scenes, Incidents, and Adventures in the Far West; Digested from the Journal of Captain B. L. E. Bonneville, of the Army of the United States" was issued with the Bentley imprint as "Adventures of Captain Bonneville, or Scenes Beyond the Rocky Mountains of the Far West." The English title has stood the test (as it has well deserved, if for no other merit than that it disposed of "Digested"), and has been used, as Mr. Langfeld notes, in virtually every subsequent edition wherever published. It is worthy of note that Pierre M. Irving's "Life and Letters of Washington Irving" (1862-4) nowhere refers to "Adventures of Captain Bonneville" as "The Rocky Mountains," nor does Washington Irving himself in those communications bearing on the subject which are quoted in the nephew's painstaking compilation. According to Pierre Irving, his uncle "purchased this mass of manuscripts" from Captain Bonneville "for one thousand dollars, and undertook to fit it for publication, and bring it before the world." He "obtained for the work, from his American publishers, Carey, Lea & Co., three thousand dollars, and from Bentley, in London, £900."

"The Life of Oliver Goldsmith, with Selections from His Writings," issued by the Harpers in 1840 as Volumes CXXI and CXXII of their Family Library—fifteen numbers after Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast"—did not appear in London until 1849, and then as "Oliver Goldsmith: A Biography." The 1849 edition was issued in New York the same year with the same title. Actually the 1840 and 1849 editions were quite distinct books—at least as distinct as "Alice's Adventures under Ground" and "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland."

"Biography and Poetical Remains of the Late Margaret Miller Davidson" (1841) was issued in London with a slightly less funereal designation: "Life and Poetical Remains of Margaret M. Davidson." The score reverts to deuce when, in 1850, the Murrays rechristen "Mahomet and His Successors" "Lives of Mahomet and His Successors." The "Life of George Washington" appeared identically in England save for the fact that each volume of the Bohn edition carried an explanatory subtitle, reasonably enough for a non-American audience.

Mr. Langfeld does not disclose whether any bibliographical importance is to be attached to the fact that some copies of Volume I of the "Life of Washington" (1855, year of "Hiawatha" and "Leaves of Grass") have the imprint of John F. Trow and others that of R. Craighead. The stereotype plates were presumably Trow's; at any rate several hasty errors are common to both the Trow and the Craighead issues, if issues they are. For example, page 478, line 13: "was *to to be* seen"; page 479, lines 20 and 21, "*hrew of their* knapsacks"; page 481, line 4, "troops. . . . had *give way*"; and two lines further on, "Howe's design of cutting of the retreat." If so many blunders are discoverable in a casual inspection of only four pages in a 500-page book, what may the total well be? And who was responsible?

J. T. W.

A Bewigged Muse

THE fact that Sir William Blackstone wrote verse before undertaking the compilation of his epochal "Commentaries" is no secret to the assiduous consultant of such familiar and praiseworthy compendiums as Chambers's "Cyclopædia of English Literature" and Allibone's "Critical Dictionary" of the same. Sir Edmund Gosse's "History of Eighteenth Century Literature," indeed, devotes at least as much space to Blackstone the rhymer as to Blackstone the jurist. "His copy of octosyllabics, entitled 'The Lawyer's Farewell to his Muse.'" writes Gosse, "is one of the best minor poems of the time, and suggests that so skilful a versifier might have taken his place with the professional lyrists. In one hundred lines it describes the charms of poetry, the obligation of the author to quit the Muse, and the solemn enthusiasm with which he will devote himself to another mistress. . . . These lines are usually attributed to the year 1741, when Blackstone entered himself at the Middle Temple; but they seem too vigorous and too polished to be the work of a lad of eighteen, and it may be suggested, as more probable, that they were written in 1746, when the author was called to the bar"

"The Lawyer's Farewell," it now appears, was written no later than 1744 (when Blackstone was twenty-one), for it is transcribed in a dated manuscript book of Blackstone's poetical works which has "only just been discovered among the family papers," according to a description in Catalogue 576 recently issued by Maggs Brothers of London. The collection was entitled, by Blackstone himself, "Select Poems and Translations between the Years 1736 and 1744," and its resurrection removes all surmise from the statement in the "Dictionary of National Biography" that "doubtless at this time [while Blackstone was at Pembroke College, Oxford] were written most of the 'originals and translations' which he is said to have afterwards collected in an unpublished volume." "The Lawyer's Farewell" was first printed in the fourth volume of Robert Dodsley's "A Collection of Poems. In Six Volumes. By Several Hands" (1748-1760). It has since deservedly won its way into several roomier and more specialized anthologies, and would doubtless have been included in many others save for its length. That the learned, or soon to be learned, author did not approach his new profession with an utter lack of perspective is proved by the irony of the following apostrophe:

Then welcome Bus'ness, welcome Strife,
Welcome the Cares, the Thorns of Life,
The visage wan, the pore-blind Sight,
The Toil by Day, the Lamp at Night,
The tedious Forms, the solemn Prate,
The pert Dispute, the Dull Debate,
The drowzy Bench, the babbling Hall,
For thee, fair Justice, welcome all!

The Maggs catalogue describes the manuscript book as being "entirely in the autograph of Sir William Blackstone, clearly written on seventy-seven pages, with his autograph signature on end leaf." In size it is small quarto, and it is bound in the original vellum. It is priced at £75. A summary of the contents indicates that well over half consists of exercises in paraphrase or translation of Lucretius, Anacreon, Theocritus, and the Psalms.

J. T. W.

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Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

IN spite of what Keats calls "the ignoble dearth," in spite of not unnatural grump and housemaid's knee among the Trade, old pauper Quescus finds himself feeling cheerful. He is not particularly happy about the prospects for the Election; like everyone else he has acute palsies when he thinks about John Nance Garner; but there are a lot of books in the world that intelligent people are going to want; and if politics gets too depressing we can fall back on the consolations of Reading. Other folks must have their problems too: I saw a publisher standing outside Black, Starr & Frost's window on Fifth Avenue looking at a sparkling diamond and sapphire collar, reduced from $28,550 to $14,275." His nostrils were slightly dilated, but he was only looking.—By the way, I gave that famous firm of jewelers a nice line once in a piece I wrote, and they never noticed it. "It was perfect Christmas weather," I wrote; "a clear night, black, starred, and frosty."

But the store whose name always seemed to me so beautifully symbolic of Fifth Avenue is our old stationery friend Styles & Cash.

One of the pleasant encounters along West 45th Street is to meet Mr. John Skinner of Putnam's Bookstore surveying one of his excellent window displays to see how it looks from the opposite pavement. It looks fine.

The Putnam store was greatly pleased by the success of Mr. Levon West's informal lecture one evening last week. Mr. West celebrated the publication of his book, *Making an Etching* (Studio, $2.50), by giving a talk on the history and technique of his favorite art. He then illustrated his remarks by actually making an etching in front of the audience, explaining the whole process from preparing the copper plate down to the final pulling of the proof. In an hour's work, talking as he went, Mr. West produced a charming memory of his summer in the Rockies, and permits us to reproduce it here.

Mr. West's book, and its companion volume, *Wood Engraving and Wood Cuts*, by Clare Leighton, are a remarkable instance of new values in books. Not long ago almost any publisher would have priced these richly pictured volumes at least $5.

The State of New York, Department of Taxation and Finance, has evidently been considering President Hoover's remark that what this nation needs is a poem. The "Notice of Instalment of Income Tax" that went out from Albany recently bore this unconscious rhyme:

If instalments are not paid when due
Penalty and interest will accrue.

Are booksellers doing any reading these long evenings? If so, I hope many in the Trade will be wise enough not to miss E. V. Lucas's *Reading, Writing and Remembering* (Harper, $4). Mr. Lucas, who began his long and busy career as a bookseller's apprentice in Brighton, England, is perhaps the most richly experienced of all living students of our trade. His book of reminiscences is packed with wise anecdote and human observation. This is a positive Must for bookmen of the genuine kidney.

Certainly not to be missed, as symbol of human ironies, the photograph of Ivar Kreuger in academic robes as "Honorary

"DOCTOR OF BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION."

Doctor of Business Administration" at Syracuse University, 1930. See Stoneman, *The Life and Death of Ivar Kreuger* (Bobbs Merrill, $2.75).

Miss Sarah Ball reports many exciting adventures in her chain of Book Stations (now ten in number) in Connecticut. It appears that Litchfield and Danbury are Miss Ball's banner towns. Of one other town, which we need not identify, Miss Ball reports that it has not been much interested in books because it is "rich and self-satisfied." Kent, which was the first depot of the chain, has developed a nice, steady business; the boys of Kent School are good customers. Miss Ball deserves homage for a courageous and original bit of pioneering.

It seems odd that the Dickens Fellowship has never called our attention to the firm of Barkis Willing & Co., on Park Avenue near 47th.

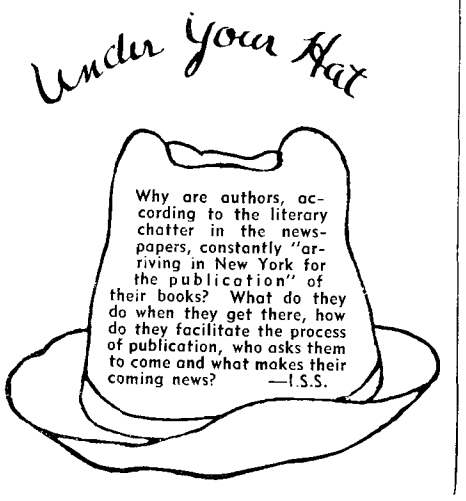
The Argus Book Shop (333 South Dearborn St., Chicago) has issued the second instalment of its serial soliloquy entitled *Along the North Wall*. This second chapter carries the tale of the shop's first editions from D to H, with good pungent chat, cursive and discursive. Extremely well worth writing for. I was amused by Argus's comment on James Hanley—"a new writer who has done what I thought was impossible: he has written worse than Dreiser."

The incisive William H. Allen, pensive bibliopole at 3345 Woodland Avenue, Philadelphia, tucks small slices of lemon peel here and there among his catalogues. For instance, listing a copy of *The Tattooed Countess* he remarks, "Can you remember those good old days, when people collected Cabell and Van Vechten?"

The Astrologer Lady who sometimes preaches about the zodiac and the horoscope on the cusp of Broadway and 79th is unconsciously 25 cents richer because of her allusions to Literature. In the course of her spiel she mentioned Rider Haggard as one who had profitted by consulting the stars; she spoke admiringly of his grand old book *She*.

Old Quercus immediately rendered up two bits for a reading. The lady reckoned up his planets for him, and said that everything looked reasonably jake, except that he ought to be careful about his diet. (Had she seen him just emerging from that Armchair Lunch?) "Up to now," she said, "you've been able to eat Dill Pickles with Ice Cream and get away with it . . . but your horoscope is now entering an Intestinal Sign and you better be careful of your health."

Likewise the Book Business, pondered


Under Your Hat
Why are authors, according to the literary chatter in the newspapers, constantly "arriving in New York for the publication" of their books? What do they do when they get there, how do they facilitate the process of publication, who asks them to come and what makes their coming news? —I.S.S.

he. For a while it ran rigolo; it lived on caviar and Turkish Delight. But for a couple of years now the boblishers have been out in the garden eating worms. They are spare and stringy, run down at the heels but cute in the attic. Look, they have come through.

One of the most admirable remarks about Criticism was made by young Edward Huebsch, office boy in the office of a large film production company, who won a prize from the Players' Club for his essay on the club's presentation of Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida*. Speaking of the problems offered by that egregious play, Edward Huebsch said:

"Criticism from high places seems particularly obscure and meaningless. A murky vagueness surrounds its origin and line of advance. *Only a firm objectivity can save the critic from yammering.*"

The italics are Quercus's.

NOTES FROM MERMAID B. E.

The new motor van of the Bronx Traveling Library, resplendent in fresh green paint, is a monument to the virtues of the Machine Age. The 8,500 members of the library, some of whom may remember the modest little Ford truck of the early days, which travelled in complete disguise, having bookshelves discreetly hidden from the public gaze by a pair of shutters, will be charmed with this new green colossus of roads which contracts ten feet to meet the exigencies of traffic and expands to a capacious size when at a standstill. All of this magic is accomplished by the simple expedient of an electric device which sounds like a mammoth mechanical sign.

The Traveling Library is equipped with a miniature library desk, built in files and all, ingeniously arranged so that there is room enough for two librarians during busy periods. In fine weather the borrowing and returning is all done from the outside, through a window directly above this desk. Borrowers mount three steps to a small platform, transact their business at the window, and descend on the opposite side.

At the front of the car, just behind the driver's seat, is another miniature desk for the enrollment of new members of the library. This folds into a small space when not in use and has twin inkstands which are snugly fixed to disappear with the rest of the librarian's equipment when not needed.

The inside of the Traveling Library in its expanded state looks much like the cabin of a ship. Among other interesting features, the ceiling rises several inches, exposing oblong windows which admit light and air. Bookshelves line both walls, and there is room for five or six people to browse comfortably.—The only serious problem is that the vehicle is so alluring its custodians are continually having to eject literary longshoremen who try to conceal themselves as stowaways.

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GRAND CENTRAL—I was not cold; not even tepid; only an hungered and had appointment with a mollusc; to wit, Oysters R in Season. By the way, what is an egress? I don't wear 'em. Are you busy evenings? Box O, *Saturday Review*—CHARLOTTE.

I WILL SEND weekly letter on poetry, criticism, love of life, frank personal meditations, to small list of congenial subscribers, preferably young. Full candor and serious sharing intuitions difficult to convey in talk or public print. Is 50c a week too much? Triflers abstain.—E. D., age 25, c/o *Saturday Review*.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

LET us now speak of *Walter J. Black*, Inc., and his carload of classics. Can you imagine a single publisher delivering fifteen thousand volumes to a Western department store—the largest single order for classics that we have ever heard of? Well, that's what Walter Black did with his new "Companion Classics," a one volume series all leather-bound. Standard literature must be looking up, in these degenerate days. Black has kept leather manufacturers at work for the last six months on three shifts a day and all the gold leaf workers in New York on full time supplying his orders. You see he got the idea that all had not been done that might be done in presenting to the public the best of the world's literature. So he got out a series of twenty books—the world's most popular—bound in genuine sheepskin, with colored labels, flexible, pocket size, seventy-five cents a copy. And even more astute than that, he got *Ben Ray Redman* to write a special introduction to each volume. Now Ray is probably the best-read person of our acquaintance—in fact, the other day we heard someone call him the Well-Redman (neither is he such a slouch sartorially!) and his introductions are worth reading. They are a gratuity to the reader, thrown in with each volume, such as is unusual in most books of this type. We advise you to look into this Walter J. Black business; and if you wish to know where to find him, it's at 171 Madison Avenue, this city. . . .

Robert D. England, of the Department of Literature of Oglethorpe University, Oglethorpe, Georgia, has taken over the editorship of *The Westminster Magazine*, published by the University. It is a quarterly that was edited by the late *Ernest Hartsock*, a remarkable young poet. Later the University acquired it, and now Assistant Professor England intends to strike out along somewhat broader lines and to make a more universal appeal. *The Westminster* is the only magazine of its sort south of *The Virginia Quarterly Review*. A number of the most prominent Southern writers have already been asked to contribute. . . .

Bennett Cerf of The Modern Library writes us:

> In your October 8th *Phoenix Nest*, you quote from a chapter on the Borgias by *Baron Corvo*, that appeared in *The Golden Book*. Maybe you don't know that this chapter is an excerpt from a book called "A History of the Borgias," just published in The Modern Library. I am sending you a copy.

We're glad to have it. *Henry Harland*, it seems, called the book "a magnificent series of tapestry pictures of the fifteenth century." And that period in the history of Italy has always fascinated us. . . .

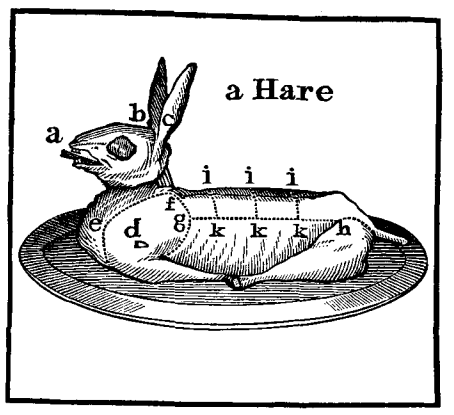
And *in re* our zoölogical researches, *George Frisbee* of San Francisco sends us another most welcome letter:

> We are told that elephants never forget. Neither do some dogs. In our home is "Goliath," a black Pom weighing under five pounds, and toothless. He is ten years old. In his youth he was abused by a Japanese cook. We have had him over six years. Our cook is a Filipino. Goliath treats him with Tolerance. Our house-maid is Japanese. She loves dogs, and is gentle and kindly in every way. We dare not leave Goliath alone in her presence for fear he blow out a Tube barking at her. Frogs and dogs have it over turtles because they can make a noise over things that interest them. Turtles are like college professors. They cannot, or dare not, bark when things displease them.

Which reminds us of *Ellis Parker Butler's* famous line in "Pigs is Pigs," *viz:* "Pigs is dogs, but a turtle is a insect."

Reverting again to The Modern Library, we are convulsed to learn that they have received orders for "The Brothers Kalamazoo" and "Jude the Obscene!" . . .

We are in receipt of a diverting small book from Macmillan (Cambridge University Department), "The Art of Carving," by the *Reverend Doctor Trusler* who was an eighteenth century *Emily Post*. He was nuts on manners and deportment, particularly deportment at table, which is what used to try our soul so in our childhood! Doctor Trusler also used to write syndicated sermons which he supplied to the clergy of England at a shilling apiece. We like the illustrations, particularly, to "The Art of Carving," and reproduce one here to show you how a Hare is laid out for dissection. The back of the animal, we learn, is the tenderest part, and the legs next. "In a large hare, a whole leg is too much to be given to any one person at one time." But the ears, it seems, "if roasted crisp, many are fond of, and may be asked if they please to have one." Alas poor Yorick, the Hare! . . .



While the editor isn't looking, we are going to slip in this comment from the second instalment of that unusual discussion of books to which we have previously referred, "Along the North Wall." It comes from the Argus Book Shop, 333 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, and is better than any first edition catalogue we have ever seen. On page 15 the writer speaks as follows:

> I would like to say something here about *Henry Seidel Canby*, although I have passed the C's and did not mention him before because we had no first editions to remind me. He is unquestionably one of the finest critics that America has ever produced. One thinks of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, remembers its distinguished record as an unbiased, independent, and thoroughly intelligent literary journal; but one sometimes forgets to give due credit to the enlightening and fearless mind that directs its policy. When Mr. Canby reviews a book, there is nothing further to be said about it, no other angle to be examined, and no finer way it can be expressed. We have one book of his in stock, "American Estimates," first published in 1929, and which contains many of his best articles, including one on *Cabell*. I am glad to recommend this.

The Argus bookman is one who really reads and discriminatingly treasures his stock. Therefore he will not object to our pointing out a slight misprint in the Index to his discussion of books, viz. that "The King of Aslander," by *James Elroy Flecker*, should actually read "The King of *Alsander*." Further, we recommend your perusing the eccentric and attractive offer on pages 18, 19, with reference to the quotation that gave the title to *Ford Madox Ford's* "Some Do Not." . . .

W. H. Miller, who is now working as a seaman on the *M. S. Tidewater*, in an independent trek during which he is going to trade verses for bread in the manner of *Vachel Lindsay*, sends in a piece of verse written by a simple shipmate of his. It is called "Raindrops." We have space only for three verses of the original:

Clothed in Fancy's raiment
Often have I wandered
Beneath the sheets of rain that hide Apollo's grin.
Spurred by gnawing hunger
Once I caught some raindrops
And questioned them at length about their origin.

Noted men of science
Say that you're the offspring
Of moisture-laden clouds commingling overhead.
Learned theologians
Vow that you're the teardrops
That course the cheeks of God, because of sinners shed.

Thirst-demented sailors
Claim that God has given
To souls of dead shipmates the qualities of rain.
But to me you stand for
Gems the sun has borrowed
To polish and reset, and then send to earth again.

THE PHŒNICIAN.

The Poets and the Philistines

By HUGH WALPOLE

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. . . Next week, under the sign of the Three Hour-Glasses, Don Marquis will sift some granules of small triturated wisdom . . . not to be missed by the sagacious reader in THE SATURDAY REVIEW of October 29.

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